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New Statesman

The Week-end Review

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The Rocket Race

THE Russians were four years behind the Americans in the manufacture of the A-bomb. They were nine months behind in making the H-bomb. Now, in the race for the Ultimate Weapon, they appear to have drawn ahead. The American ICBM, which was tested in July, proved a failure; the equivalent Soviet prototype has now been tested with success. This may mean a technological lead of some months, perhaps more; and the comparative experience in the mass-production of the B 52 and the Soviet Bison suggest that America may prove unable to counterbalance this technological lead by greater speed on the assembly line. For the first time, Russia has a margin over the US.

What are the geopolitical consequences of the Soviet breakthrough? Since Russia exploded her H-bomb in 1953, the world has been living in the uneasy twilight of the nuclear stalemate. But it was a stalemate only in the sense that in the event of conflict, the destructive power both sides were capable of unleashing was so enormous that neither could hope to profit by war. It did not mean there was an even balance of military power. America still possessed an edge, not so much by virtue of her technological lead, or by her larger inventory of bombs, as by her ring of nuclear bases on the periphery of the Soviet world. Their number and distribution gave America a decisive military advantage: they multiplied both the offensive targets which the Soviet air arm would have to neutralise, and the axes of attack against Russia.

By moving ahead in the field of ballistics, Russia now threatens to draw level in nuclear striking capacity. The US will be faced with an equivalent, or greater, multiplicity of launching sites, far more difficult to detect, and therefore destroy, than air-bases; and the construction of an early-warning and interception system, even with the limited effectiveness of the present DEW-line, will cease to be economically feasible. A balance will thus be reached both in striking-power and vulnerability.

Logically, the attainment of military parity should provide a military basis for a disarmament agreement. Unfortunately, the weights which sustain the balance are of different kinds: geography against technology. In theory, if America agreed to evacuate her overseas bases, and Russia accepted a policed ban on testing together with a cut-off in nuclear production, the military balance would remain the same. But America has never given the slightest indication that she will surrender her one enduring military advantage. Equally, no one believes that Russia will accept a nuclear production inspection system which, by its very nature, would lay bare the technological heart of the Communist world. Both sides are bargaining in different currencies, whose relative value can only be tested in a last cataclysm.

With an agreement as remote as ever, therefore, Britain must draw her own conclusions from the Soviet announcement. And these are inescapable: the slender edifice of reason on which the Sandys White Paper was built has now been finally demolished. 'The latest British fighters', said Mr Sandys on 20 August in Canberra,

> would bring down a greater proportion of enemy bombers than during the last war, but because a few carrying hydrogen weapons might get through . . . we have taken a very bold step in deciding not to do the impossible. We decided not to defend the whole country, but to defend only our bomber bases.

This extraordinary statement, which goes much farther than the White Paper, is based on two assumptions: first, that the threat we are attempting to meet will come from manned bombers, flying at relatively low speeds; and second, that our retaliatory power, on which the whole 'defence by deterrent' philosophy is based, would be in the same category as the enemy's. Both are now seen to be unfounded. The race for the ultimate weapon will end much sooner than we thought. Even if we could afford the starting-fee, is there any point in entering it now? Despite America's immense effort – $2,000 million will be spent this year on the ICBM projects alone – she has fallen behind in the rocket race. By what process of reasoning does Mr Sandys think we can do better? The moral and political case against Britain's manufacture of the H-bomb – including the means of delivery – was always a strong one. It has now been reinforced by arguments which should convince even the 'realists'.

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Comments on the Week's News

Dr Nkrumah's Purge

Only a fool would have expected Ghana to settle down at once as a law-abiding, fully fledged democracy; it took European states centuries of struggle to find their national feet. On some points Dr Nkrumah seems to be well-advised; he is rightly seeking to co-operate with countries which do not pull him into either of the great power blocs. Bourguiba should be a good friend; he wants to make Tunis an African rather than an Arab state. Collaboration with Israel should be especially important. It is one of the few countries in the world which has a surplus of professional skills, is peculiarly qualified to advise on matters of defence, and is a market for Ghana's timber, cocoa, diamonds and ivory. World attention at the moment, however, necessarily fastens on the disturbing measures which Dr Nkrumah is taking to consolidate his power at home. Replying to criticism of the special Act authorising the deportation of two opposition politicians, Nkrumah gives elaborate reasons for special legislation, but he omitted to say on what grounds these men were being punished. We do not know what offences Mr Timothy or the two Muslim politicians are supposed to have committed. The impression is left that he has picked on particular individuals against whom it was comparatively easy to take arbitrary action because one was born in Sierra Leone and the others could be regarded as Nigerians. The natural question is whether the object is merely to display power and to frighten members of the opposition—as well perhaps as prominent members of Nkrumah's own party—who happen to have been born outside Ghana.

The Singapore Arrests

Although star chamber methods are abhorrent to British opinion, we did not hesitate to use them in Britain during the war, nor subsequently in Kenya or Cyprus. In judging the recent events in Singapore, therefore, it should be remembered that they have been enacted against the background of an emergency more serious than that in Kenya, and in atmosphere of internal danger more threatening than anything wartime Britain knew. And to prove sedition in the courts against highly skilled Communist opponents is particularly difficult. The present arrangement whereby the arrested men will appear with legal representation before a committee of three high court judges is designed as an emergency procedure under emergency legislation. The Chief Minister, Lim Yew Hock, has demonstrated his firmness by these arrests. But a further and political result is that they are likely to crystallise the situation within the People's Action Party, the Labour Front's chief opponents on the left. At the PAP's recent annual conference the ballot for the executive, which the Communist wing of the party was determined to capture, resulted in stalemate. As a result Lee Kuan Yew and his associates, who have persistently fought Communist infiltration, resigned their offices and went into opposition within the party. This proved fortunate in the light of the subsequent arrests, which scooped off the pro-Communist leaders in the PAP without necessarily compromising Lee Kuan Yew by official help. He will, of course, be accused of complicity, but he may be able to regain the leadership of the purged party. Hitherto, any effective co-operation between the moderate wing of the PAP and the better elements in the Labour Front has been impossible because of the Communists in the former, the personal antagonism between Lee Kuan Yew and David Marshall, now absent from the political scene, and PAP objections to certain Labour Front Ministers. But if Lee Kuan Yew and Lim Yew Hock can unite their supporters in a common front, the chances of stable democracy in Singapore will improve.

London Library

Institutions serving the purpose of science, literature or the fine arts are exempted from paying rates under the Scientific Societies Act of 1843, and the London Library has for eighty years been treated as such an institution. Some smart official has now decided that this was a mistake; and the Westminster City Council, a very rich local authority, has demanded nearly £5,000 as the rates for one year. The legal technicalities may be arguable; in any case the decision of the Valuation Court is under appeal. But the counsel who won his case against the Library was clearly an epigone of Mr Justice Shallow. The Library, he declared, does not exist exclusively for the purposes of literature, because some of its members enjoy the books it provides, 'rather as less cultivated persons enjoy going to football matches'. It might have some claim to exemption, if it brought Shakespeare to dockers: instead it furnishes 'a high grade of amusement'—and, what is more, 'in dignified surroundings'. The decision, if upheld, will prove no laughing matter. Authors living in the country can borrow from the Library fifteen volumes at a time, and reviewers can obtain there without delay books in every language. (The Russian section is particularly strong.) Public libraries therefore provide no substitute, excellent as they are. Since the war it has been necessary to raise the subscription by 50 per cent., and the writers dependent upon the Library belong for the most part to a class specially hard-hit by inflation. If the Westminster City Council succeed in exacting their pound of flesh, they will be able to congratulate themselves upon a beautifully thought-out attack upon scholarship.

Twilight in Portland Place

The new BBC programmes, which are being released in instalments, are a retreat to prepared positions. Some day, the senior executives realise, they and the public will have to face two fundamental questions—first, the future of sound radio as against television and secondly, whether they are to retain a monopoly of licence revenue. The new arrangements are designed to postpone that reassessment. They are a bid to buy the greatest number of listeners in the belief that this two-front struggle against television as a whole and commercialism in particular will be decided by counting heads. But to accept this view, however covertly, is to surrender the only ground on which the BBC can successfully wage its campaign for survival. It has a public service to perform, and it will always be accepted as a public service if it maintains its standards, which have been higher than any other broadcasting network in the world. Once it goes grubbing in the market-place for custom, it will be treated as any other hawker, and it will be under-sold by those who know this cut-throat business best. The present drift towards TV is unmistakable. Within a few years, the bulk of evening entertainment, features and news will be provided by the television services—and some hard thinking about the content and conduct of these services is urgently needed. Sound radio will then be left to cater to two specialised tastes—background noise for housewives, motorists and other half-hearing groups, and talks, plays and serious music for a small, if important, minority. By this time, the allocation of licence revenues—and the deduction that 'light' sound radio should admit commercials—will have become an urgent public issue. It is better to recognise this trend now than to disguise it by 'rearranging' programmes: if the BBC, as conceived in the Charter, is to survive, it must justify the use of public funds by proving that it will offer programmes that are otherwise unobtainable. That is the argument that has sustained other social services, from education to health, and ultimately it is the argument for public as against commercial radio and television.

NEXT WEEK

French Books

A special Supplement with contributions by V. S. Pritchett, John Raymond, A. J. P. Taylor, Sonia Orwell, Christopher Logue, Robert Speaight, Ralph Partridge, Richard Mayne, Paul Johnson and David Hawkes

One More New Town?

The government's decision in principle to permit the LCC to build a new town does not mean that the scheme can now go ahead. On the contrary, neither the site nor the complex financial problems involved have been agreed; the LCC is understandably anxious to get on with the job—it has almost no sites now available for building—but it has had great difficulty in moving the government even to an agreement in principle. It would be better for a number of reasons if the government itself were to start one, or better still three or four new towns, near London: the staffs of the ministry and the development corporations have a fund of experience on which to draw, and the complex problems of finance and industrial location are best dealt with by agencies related and responsible to the central government. But the government does not want to extend the new town principle, and it is not giving much help to exporting authorities which want to use the Town Development Act to cater for some of their surplus population. In the absence of government action, the LCC has tried to do something for itself—and after two years of argument it is at last getting grudging assent from Whitehall. Better this than nothing—and the clerk to the LCC, Mr Hart, has at least several years' experience as general manager of the Hemel Hempstead Corporation behind him. But is a local authority, even if it is as large and as competent as the LCC, a proper agency to develop an entirely new town? The political, technical and administrative difficulties will be very great, and there will be a continual temptation to turn it into a glorified out-country estate on the model of Woking or Boreham Wood. That is the challenge which the LCC must meet if its project goes ahead.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Washington

Cutting Foreign Aid

Despite last-minute restorations, Congress has laid such rough hands on the Mutual Security programme that talk inevitably is heard here of a drift towards isolation. It appears, however, that it is President Eisenhower who is being isolated, not from the country, but only from Capitol Hill. Five nation-wide surveys, conducted for the government by a private research agency, have shown overwhelming support for the foreign aid programme—the most recent poll showing 90 per cent. of those questioned in favour of continued economic aid to countries committed 'against Communist aggression'. Another poll indicated that 52 per cent. favoured economic aid even for such neutralists as India.

Originally the Administration asked for $3.8 billion and proposed to make the programme more palatable by mechanical improvements which at first met with high praise from the legislators. The Senate quickly approved the changes but slashed the amount by some $227 million, although the President had pointed out that in deference to the prevailing lust for budget-pruning he had asked for $500 million less than was actually needed.

Next the House, in open rebellion, cut the heart out of the proposed changes and lopped off another $500 million, in spite of the President's dire warning that the cuts were 'a threat to our nation's security and that of the free world'. Then a conference committee split the difference between the two houses as though it were a dinner cheque, and it appeared that the Administration would have to settle for $3.3 billion. Unfortunately for the President, the appropriation, as distinct from the authorisation, called for still another vote—in which the House then got the figure down to $3.2 billion.

If isolationism is not the explanation for this extraordinary performance, what is? In part, no doubt, the current passion for reduced spending, which is not quite the same thing as economy. Democrats and Republicans alike were looking for ways to hack the budget, and both Majority Leader Johnson and Minority Leader Knowland in the Senate had made up their minds that 'foreign aid' was the ideal place to start. Polls notwithstanding, Johnson says the public 'is not very strong' for it. But even a billion-dollar cut in a 78-billion-dollar budget can hardly make much of a dent in the average man's taxes. The cuts had deeper roots than penny-pinching.

At bottom this was a vote of no-confidence. The reasons why the Senate went sour on the programme were various, but they were linked by a common determination to show the President that the long picnic was over. Most Republicans who had gone along with the programme had been less than whole-hearted and, with the President's star setting, they could now afford to be downright grudging. Democrats, whose support the President has always taken for granted in this field—after all, it was their party that originated the programme—were even more emphatic in kicking over the traces. Time after time, they complained privately, they had been left in the lurch by an administration that didn't know its own mind. The Treasury had screamed for economy while the White House raised the budget. The President had accused the House of gambling with the nation's defence by cutting appropriations, while his Defence Department was engaged in a drastic economy campaign of its own. And now Mr Eisenhower was threatening to call a special session of Congress if he didn't get what he wanted for Mutual Security, though he had started out by casually chopping a half-billion dollars out of it himself. 'If you vote the way they want you to', one influential Democrat complained, 'you never know when you're going to look like a fool next Monday, when they change the signals.'

Other Democrats have been nettled by the President's growing tendency to pay tribute to the Truman Doctrine, the Marshall Plan, and even the decision to fight in Korea, without the slightest acknowledgment that Harry Truman had anything to do with them. Among the Southerners, moreover, relations with the White House are so embittered by the civil rights fight that few were touched by the President's desperate appeals. All in all, the fate of the Mutual Security programme seems to reflect the infighting of politics rather more than a national change of heart about the defences of Turkey or the beauties of Point Four in Iran.

ROBERT BENDINER

Farnborough

Air Show and Reality

An Air Correspondent writes: Next week the aircraft industry puts on its annual circus. But behind this facade of brilliant showmanship there stands an industry which, for the most part, could not exist without vast government financial aid.

For in spite of the money spent on it during the past ten years, something is seriously wrong with the aircraft industry. The industry and the government have come in for some sharp criticism from unexpected quarters in the past few weeks. On the military side, a former Air Chief has said that the aircraft in service or about to be delivered to the Royal Air Force are equivalent in performance to those which the Americans are now discarding in favour of new types. On the civil side, a committee of the Air League of the British Empire has expressed concern that our present policy appears to be limited to the development of future airliners which, when they are produced in seven or eight years' time, will be only a little better than the American airliners now offered for delivery in two or three years.

Who and what is responsible for this state of affairs? Another critic, Sir Roy Fedden, tells us in *Britain's Air Survival* that the failures stem from trying to do too much and from lack of co-ordinated policy. Certainly, the government cannot escape blame. The sorry story of the Swift, as related by the Committee of Public Accounts, is the most recent example of the loss, if not downright waste, of public money which has been commonplace in the past decade. The Swift, a high-speed fighter, cost £40 million to develop and put into production, but the production order had to be severely curtailed because the aircraft failed to meet its specification: the shortcomings which led to its eventual rejection were forecast in the design stage by the government's own experts in the Royal Aircraft Establishment.

The Air League report goes on to say, no doubt to catch the headlines, that they believe that a supersonic, vertical take-off airliner, capable of crossing the Atlantic in two or three hours, could be developed within the next twelve years. It is questionable whether such a project is technically feasible within the time. It sounds suspiciously like another of those grandiose Princess flying-boat and Brabazon aircraft projects into which over £14 million of public money was poured.

As a feather bed the aircraft industry has had no rival – except perhaps farming. But this is not to deny that public money must be used to finance research and development and also to provide much of the risk capital for aircraft construction. The development of a new transport aeroplane and its engines is likely to cost from £25 million upwards. No private firm can raise that sort of money for that sort of risk; but from a national point of view the rewards may be very great. But if the state is to continue to put up the risk capital for the aircraft industry some way must be found to ensure a greater control over the way that the money is used.

The 'Britannias for TWA' story is the crowning example of the failure of the aircraft industry to justify the vast investment of public funds. The state has invested £3 million in the development and production of the Britannia (and this takes no account of the £5.8 million paid earlier to the same firm for building the Brabazon aircraft – expenditure which ministers have sought to justify on the grounds that it provided invaluable experience for the Britannia). But when the opportunity for which all this money was invested eventually comes, and a dollar export order for 30 aircraft is in the net, the firm cannot land the order unless BOAC are prepared to hand over some of the contracted deliveries for which they have waited so long.

This Britannia episode, whatever its outcome, makes a mockery of the high-pressure salesmanship of the Farnborough air show. The public must demand to know why it has got so little return for its investment in the aircraft industry. And the Labour Party must devote more of its attention to the longer term future of this industry. It is quite obvious that some way must be found to bring aircraft production under closer public control and, if necessary, ownership.

The Arctic

Who Owns the North Pole?

A Correspondent in Montreal writes: Whoever governs Canada through the next 10 years will have to deal with the questions of Canadian sovereignty in the Arctic, and will find them difficult. Last year Douglass Harkness, now Minister of Northern Affairs in the Diefenbaker Cabinet, argued in the Commons that Canada should claim the icecap right up to the Pole, lest the Russians build airfields on it. They are known to have made two or three landings on the ice on the Canadian side. Mr Dulles is understood to be planning to consult the new Canadian Government about his offer of the northern spaces for aerial inspection. A story has appeared in the newspapers that the United States wishes to build another warning line 300 miles north of the Distant Early Warning Line which it has just completed. This would be on the islands of the Archipelago, and perhaps on the ice where two or three scientific expeditions are now drifting about. Its name is ready—the Frost Line.

Canada's own interest in the Arctic has been slow to grow. The vast territories were handed over to the new Dominion by the UK in 1878. Britain's claims then were based on discovery, and the occupation by the Hudson's Bay Company posts. Explorers of other nations were poking about, and it seemed expedient to make a declara-

tion. Nobody disputed Canadian sovereignty, nobody cared very much. Early in this century the French Canadian explorer Captain Bernier asserted Canada's claims on the spot, by requiring that Americans get his permission to hunt on Canadian territory. In 1907, a French Canadian senator first put forward the 'sector principle' as the basis of Canadian sovereignty. By this theory the Canadian sector includes all lands between the sixty-eighth and the hundred and forty-second meridians, up to the Pole. Greenland nudges in on the east, so Denmark has a sector. The United States would possess the sector within the meridians bounding Alaska. In 1925 the Canadian Government stated that Canada claimed 'up to the Pole'. In 1953, stung by Conservative questions on Arctic policy in connection with the DEW Line, Prime Minister St. Laurent again asserted 'our active occupation and sovereignty right up to the Pole'. Governor-General Massey was flown over the Pole, that he might drop a flag there – though it is far outside any limits ever claimed from shorelines, and would seem to be on the high seas. The Pole, that incommensurable location, that point without dimension, is Canada's only common frontier with the USSR. Other nations besides Russia might object to putting it under any national sovereignty.

The DEW Line, the most extensive settlement ever made in these regions, consists of 50 stations from Baffin Island across the top of the Canadian mainland into Alaska. Each is a cluster of domed buildings connected by passageways. They house electronic equipment and staff. Over them fly the American flag and the Red Ensign for Canada. The United States has spent over $750 million on the Line. Canada has the right to take it over 'on reasonable notice', for an unspecified sum. The agreement is similar to that made on the Alaska Highway, which Canada did buy. Of the other warning lines, Canada built and mans the Mid-Canada, roughly from southern Labrador to the Alaska Panhandle, and Canada paid a share of the Pine-tree, along the boundary between the two nations. These lines are not for defence; the airstrips are for transports, not bombers. They are intended to give the cities four hours warning of hostile aircraft. For ICBMs, if they could detect them at all, the time might be six minutes.

The United States controls the DEW Line. Though perhaps three-quarters of the employees are Canadian, including some Eskimo trainees, the top officers are American. Security checks on visitors, even Canadian Defence and Northern Affairs Department officials, are made in New York. Photos shown to Canadian newsmen, but refused for publication, are stamped on the back as restricted by the US Navy. A Canadian newsman who asked a Canadian working on the line, 'Do you resent the Americans?' was told, 'No, but they resent us'.

Both Canadian and American planes carry out patrol duty. Canadians command the weather and radar stations, far up toward the Pole, and Americans work at many of them. The US Navy goes everywhere. At the moment some Ottawa officials are unhappy because the Canadian ice-breaker Labrador is being used to chart the Northwest Passage for three US Coast Guard cutters. They think the Labrador ought to be busy taking a Canadian scientific expedition off Ellesmere Land. Instead the Coast Guard is attending to that job, so that it can have the Labrador to use where it needs it. The US will lend 18 ships to Canada to help supply the western section of the DEW Line next summer. All is co-operation, all is for mutual defence but the doubt is seeping into some Canadian minds whether all this control adds up to 'effective occupation'.

Moscow

More on Malenkov

Our Moscow Correspondent writes: 'It has now become much easier for our party and its central committee to work.' With these words a *Kommunist* editorial began a paragraph which contained the most succinct and, till now, the sharpest attack on the 'anti-party group' to have been published since the communiqué in July. Referring to its members as 'exposed conspirators' who had stubbornly sabotaged the pursuance of general line of the party in both domestic and international affairs, *Kommunist* charges that they, 'people who boasted of their past, of their excessively inflated merits', had seriously intended to paralyse the creative powers of the party.

The picture of the political struggle of the past four years that is emerging piecemeal in the party press is one that explains why the phrase 'collective leadership' disappeared from the official vocabulary so soon after it was introduced after the death of Stalin. According to an article in *Pravda* advocating the extension of material incentives to farmers, as early as 1953 the Soviet leadership was rent with dissension on measures to boost agriculture. 'It must be noted', the *Pravda* writer asserts, 'that in pursuance of his own careeristic aims and in search of cheap popularity, Malenkov tried to ascribe to his own person what the party had done to decrease agricultural taxes. The actual facts are as follows: As central committee secretary and later as chairman of the Council of Ministers, Malenkov did nothing to make post-war taxation correspond to a changed situation. Only after the energetic intervention of the central committee was the issue settled.' Here we have an explanation to that hitherto puzzling reference to his mistakes in agriculture in Malenkov's brief resignation statement.

Krushchev's insistence on agricultural reform (it had, remember, put him at odds with the majority of the party leadership long before Stalin's death) is now seen to have been the cause of constant disagreement in the presidium. And it is perfectly logical that the final break came not over the measures to reorganise management on a decentralised basis but over Krushchev's call, unsupported at the time by any of his colleagues, for an immense leap forward in the output of livestock products. There must have been constant bickering over the detailed implementation of the 1953 programme for giving free play to the economic initiative of management in collective-farm planning, and we now know that the 'factionists' launched a strong attack, documented with arguments quoting farming experts from all over the world, against Krushchev's line for the development of the virgin lands of Siberia and Kazakhstan. Indeed, echoes of this argument between the partisans of extensive and intensive farming still ring in the Soviet press.

No less an authority than the 78-year-old economist Eugene Varga has been called upon to dispose of another argument used against Krushchev's agricultural policy: that it will halt the flow of labour from agriculture to industry, on which the Soviet Union depends to maintain its planned increase of industrial production. Varga admits that the additional demand for labour-power in the rural areas caused by the development of vast new expanses is temporarily stopping or delaying the flow of labour from the villages to the big towns and cities but argues that the effect of this is being offset by a rise in the productivity of both industry and agriculture. 'No sensible person can take the present distribution of the employed in the USSR, 43 per cent in agriculture and lumbering and 31 per cent in industry, to be final.' Varga argues, finally, that the USSR will begin to overhaul US production towards the end of the next decade.

The Serious Silly Season

Our popular papers are often accused of sensationalism. The gravity of the charge depends on what they are sensational about – and the damage they create. The publicity given to Lord Altrincham's *obita dicta*, though indirectly useful, led the Queen to miss the St Leger and seems to have cast gloom over the festivities at Balmoral. The coverage of Mr Beauchamp's suicide must have distressed his relatives and friends. Reports of murder investigations sometimes influence the course of justice. This type of sensationalism often causes private misery, invariably leads to inadequate treatment of more important events and, cumulatively, may corrupt public standards of taste and decency. But its consequences, however deplorable, are limited. It is when the press subjects serious news to the same kind of treatment that there is real cause for alarm.

For many years the Beaverbrook papers have been notorious for the manner in which their policy and coverage of world affairs have reflected the personal prejudices and animosities of their proprietor. The relentless hostility with which Earl Mountbatten and Mr Nehru are hounded in the Beaverbook press is a matter of common remark. On 21 August, under the headline *Mountbatten Told 'Don't Interfere,'* the *Daily Express* gleefully printed a patently absurd report accusing Mountbatten of dabbling in Maltese politics. Four days later, under the headline *Russians in Kashmir*, the *Sunday Express* plastered its front page with the Pakistan story manifestly designed to smear Nehru. (The denial from India occupied a few obscure lines in Monday's *Express*.) The habitual use of such ephemeral personally directed stunts has deprived Beaverbrook newspapers of political influence amongst thoughtful people. Nevertheless, they play their part in confusing the public mind, contribute their daily quota of wear and tear to the links that bind the Commonwealth, and they are doubtless much appreciated in Moscow.

Far more serious, however, is when the press succumbs to a bout of collective sensationalism – a disease peculiarly prevalent in August. The treatment of recent events in Syria is a flagrant example. The only hard news available from Damascus is that an ultra-nationalist has been appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Syrian army, and that the government has concluded an extremely favourable commercial agreement with Russia. How far this changes or increases Soviet political influence in the Middle East is, one would have thought, a matter for carefully weighed consideration. But editors, avid for more exciting news, and correspondents determined at all costs to supply it, have combined to fabricate a story that Russia has taken over Syria as a satellite. Rumours gathered in the bar of the St George's Hotel in Beirut (in Fleet Street terminology, 'Near the Syrian Border') have been simply published as fact. *Daily Mail* front-page banner

headlines, from 19 to 26 August, read as follows: *Bikdash the Red Takes Over Syrian Army; Hour of Destiny in Syria; Great Soviet Take-Over Bid; Syria Invites Kremlin Chiefs; Ike Sends in Crisis Envoy; Serov Directs Syria Plot. Inside Syria*, screamed the *Express* front page on 23 August with a report from its 'man on the spot': *I See the Red Volunteers—Hard Faced Men in Thousands*. On 20 August, the *Mail* correspondent 'on the Syrian Frontier' claimed that the *coup* was 'perhaps the gravest news for the past two years'. An article on its leader page went even further: 'It is the most ominous event since 1945'. Six days later, this newspaper published, as unqualified fact, a totally unsubstantiated rumour that General Serov had recently visited Damascus to organise the assassination of King Hussein. Only the advent of the Soviet intercontinental missile saved Syria from total ruin.

This hysteria, cynically manufactured to raise readers from the torpor of their deckchairs, can cause incalculable harm, not merely by creating a climate of opinion at home in which hasty and ill-considered action by the West seems logical or even essential, but also by influencing events in Syria itself. As *The Times* correspondent pointed out on Monday, hysterical reactions in the West may drive Syrian nationalism further to the East.

Editors of popular papers maintain that competition for readers in Fleet Street is so fierce that news stunts of this type are virtually essential. Even if sound, this argument would be unacceptable. But it is manifestly false. The *Daily Mirror* has always led the field in its exploitation of sex, sadism and the trivial doings of the famous; it has seldom erred in the direction of good taste. But its reporting of serious news, though often inadequate, is usually accurate and unbiased; and unlike its competitors, it makes a clear distinction between its news and its views. Yet the *Mirror* has won, and retains, the largest daily newspaper circulation in the world. Lord Beaverbrook takes a much-advertised high moral line on sex; and Lord Rothermere has recently, and ostentatiously, 'cleaned up' the *Sunday Dispatch*. But, if a newspaper's conscience is measured by its sense of public responsibility, both could learn a lot from Geraldine House.

Love, Marriage and Divorce

'POSITIVELY mediæval', we say, pretending that any age was more cruel than our own. But we use the word rightly to refer to a period when public affairs were not even nominally subject to the test of human happiness. Modern history really begins with the habit of judging institutions by their utility and not by authority, tradition, religious doctrine, or scriptural text. Bentham's effort to add up pleasures in a 'hedonistic calculus' was, of course, pedantic. But it was the 'greatest happiness principle' by which his disciples made the London of today better than the London of *Bleak House*. Education, facts, publicity, expert evidence, and rational judgment of social utility were to be applied to every institution; the House of Lords, Church Establishment, the Monarchy, and Marriage would, it was assumed, all be subject to the greatest happiness principle.

What halted the process? One answer is the determination of the upper class to maintain its privileges. Among intellectuals of the left in the Twenties, I should say that this was often considered a complete explanation. In today's reaction the large degree of truth in the Marxist analysis is usually forgotten and the emphasis put on the second, irrational, case for preserving traditional institutions. For my part, I believe, that the archetypical appeal of these institutions is much exaggerated. The House of Lords would disappear with scarcely more than a wail in *The Times* and *Telegraph*; England could become a republic without any great upheaval, and many good churchmen believe that the Anglican Church would benefit by disestablishment. Marriage is in quite a different category. For the family has its roots deep in human nature, about which neither Plato nor H. G. Wells knew very much when they painted their pictures of Utopias in which parents did not bring up their children. It is a remarkable fact that the rulers of the Soviet Union have become increasingly insistent on the family as the basis of society. Indeed, when I was last in Moscow, party members complained to me that divorce was seriously frowned upon and might even be an obstacle for selection to public employment.

The complex states of mind that prevail about marriage and divorce were bewilderingly illustrated in the evidence given before the Morton Commission which was set up in 1951, and which took four years to produce a useless report. The main reason for this futility, according to Mr O. R. McGregor, whose wholly admirable book is published next week,* is that the commissmissioners did not include social scientists or make any serious effort to divide facts and opinions. The pronouncements of important ecclesiastics or other bigwigs were given as much or more weight than the evidence of people who had spent their lives studying what really happens in the homes of English people and who were therefore less inclined to make grand generalisations about the sanctity of the home and the supposed moral dangers of an increased divorced rate.

Some of the assumptions made by the influential witnesses and displayed in the questions put by most of the commissioners seemed to be based on no factual evidence. It was blandly assumed, for instance, that the great increase in divorce in this century was a proof of a 'lowering of moral standards' and an increase in the number of 'broken homes'. I agree with Mr McGregor that such evidence as there is suggests precisely the opposite conclusion. Victorian England was full of 'broken homes', though their misery was hidden. Moreover, divorce was not available for the vast mass of ordinary people. Until 1857, divorce was only obtainable by private act of parliament, which meant that the worst marriage could only be legally broken by a handful of the very rich. The next stage enabled the upper middle class to obtain divorces (often by secret collusion). Without legal aid, divorce for the poor was totally impossible. Mr McGregor remarks that the great advance since the Herbert Act lay in its application to poor people; the extension of the grounds for divorce, valuable though they were, is far less important.

It is an astounding example of the strength of the institutional, or unhappiness, principle, that it was not until the Herbert Act that a man or woman could gain their legal freedom from a partner who was imprisoned for life for murder or shut in an asylum as an incurable lunatic. It is only because Charlotte Bronte was a genius that we can compel ourselves to accept, for the purposes of art, the dilemma of Jane Eyre. Such shocking, and immoral, dilemmas were the direct result of clerical doctrine. The Catholic Church, solemnly declaring throughout the ages that marriage is a sacrament which can never be dissolved, always found ways, available at least to people with money, by which on a surprising variety of grounds marriages could be 'annulled'. The Church of England, giving way always step by step to the utility principle, finds itself, as Mr McGregor's analysis of the evidence given to the Morton Commission shows, in utter confusion. It, too, prefers nullity to divorce; the clergy are still commonly forbidden by their bishops to perform the marriage ceremony for divorced persons, even if they are 'innocent' parties. Mr McGregor gives an illuminating example of the present situation.

> If Mary divorces John on the grounds of his sodomy, she cannot remarry during John's lifetime with the Church's blessing because she took him for better for worse. If Jane obtains a decree of nullity on the ground that, unknown to her, James suffered from syphilis when they were married, she is relieved by the Church of her obligation to keep him in sickness and in health and may be remarried with full Anglican rites and a white wedding. The explanation of the Church's refusal to remarry Mary in church whilst extending its blessing to Jane, lies in a theologically significant distinction between sodomy and syphilis. Sodomy is a ground for divorce, syphilis a ground for nullity.

This distinction is the more curious in that the Church ostensibly bases its doctrine on divorce on the words of Christ quoted in one of the gospels that a man may not put aside his wife 'save for adultery'. Syphilis contracted after marriage with a partner not herself suffering from it would seem to be good evidence of adultery. Reliance on selected words of Jesus lands churchmen in strange anomalies. Not only is the text about adultery contradicted by another reported saying of Christ, but many of the dictums of Jesus are, of course, totally neglected. The injunction not to lay up treasure on earth is not held to forbid bishops having money in the bank, nor does the injunction to love your enemies prevent the Church from supporting war.

One may still hear prominent persons display unconscious assumptions which most of us thought long dead and buried. Here is Sir Basil Henriques, a magistrate of great experience, actually urging that one result of good education is that boys at school will learn to show courtesy towards girls with the result that as they grow older, 'they will treat other girls as they would their own sisters and if they must indulge in sexual intercourse, then they will do so with prostitutes and not with the girls who have not chosen that profession, but who have chosen the glorious profession of motherhood'. The assumption seems to be that a woman is a receptacle; that prostitution, as in Victorian days, receives the overflow of a man's sexual energy, while the honest woman's job is to produce children.

Such attitudes belong to the days before birth control, before the liberation of women, when the main reason for marriage was to safeguard property and inheritance. What then is left of marriage? It will remain, for two good reasons. The chief reason is that children have a far better chance in life if their parents' union is stable. The problem of children in 'broken homes' is very complex. The commission made no serious effort to examine the facts. Some witnesses took for granted the statement that 'the worst home is better for the children than a broken home'. In

* *Divorce in England*. By O. R. McGREGOR. *Heinemann*. 18s.

fact I doubt whether anything can be worse for a child than a home of hatred; and experience, which the commission took little account of, shows that seventy-five per cent of divorced persons remarry and many of them offer excellent homes for the children of the broken marriage. The second reason why marriage will survive is that many people, probably the majority, desire some public celebration when they enter a union which is based on more than passing passion and is intended to lead to parenthood. The early Soviet story 'Without Cherry Blossom' is a fair criticism of the facile kind of rationalism.

For these reasons I think marriage will, and should, be maintained whenever children are contemplated or, in fact, make their appearance. In point of fact, greater facilities for divorce have not led to less but to more responsibility in marriage. The exception, if you like, is the absurd habit of many marriages and divorces in Hollywood. These are not really marriages at all. They are box-office love affairs and should be so regarded. The distinction should be sharply maintained between marriage – a civil institution carrying with it the responsibility of bringing children into the world – and unions, governed not by law, but by a recognised ethical code. In these days such unions, based on love between men and women on equal terms, have become normal in civilised countries. It is a proof of improved, not of debased, moral standards.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

London Diary

THOUGH he inspired great devotion amongst his friends and followers, Father Ronald Knox also had serious critics, especially, I think, amongst Catholics who were born into the faith. One of them complained to me that he was 'too Anglican', by which I gather he meant that Father Knox carried with him the social charm and Oxford wit of a clerical don rather than the authority of a high Roman ecclesiastic. His very manner of leaving the Anglican Church illustrates this view.

> These are the backs of all the Canons' houses,
> These are the walks of all the Canons' wives,
> Here the Precentor innocently browses,
> God, what a set of ineffective lives.

This comic outburst (the result of a long wait in a railway carriage on a wet afternoon at York station) is typical of the satirical affection Ronnie Knox felt for the Church of England – from which he only emerged after a long and tormenting struggle in 1917. He described his conversion in *A Spiritual Aeneid*, a book that is all the more remarkable because it is written in a dry professional manner. Like his mentor Robert Hugh Benson (also born in the English episcopal purple), Knox retained deep Anglican and Oxford pieties, exquisitely masked by his satirical deployment of them in books like *Barchester Pilgrimage* and *Let Dons Delight*.

* * *

Father Knox did not pretend that the Vatican is a tolerant, liberal institution. In this, as in some other essentials, Rome is like the Communist Party, which makes use of liberal institutions in order to gain power – and even sometimes persuades the undiscerning that it means what it says – only to throw away the pretence, if it succeeds. The degree of tolerance is purely a matter of expediency. Father Knox was completely frank on this point.

> The Catholic Church will not be one among the philosophies. Her children believe, not that the doctrines may be true, but that they *are* true, and consequently part of the normal make-up of a man's mind; not even a parent can legitimately refuse such education to his child. They recognize, however, that such truths (unlike the mathematical axioms) can be argued against; that simple minds can easily be seduced by the sophistries of plausible error. . . . And for those reasons, a body of Catholic patriots, entrusted with the government of a Catholic state, will not shrink even from repressive measures, in order to perpetuate the secure domination of Catholic principles among their fellow-countrymen.
>
> It is frequently argued that if Catholics have at the back of their system such notions of toleration, it is unreasonable in them to complain when a modern state restricts, in its turn, the political or educational liberty which they themselves wish to enjoy. The contention is ill-conceived. For when we demand liberty in the modern state, we are appealing to its own principles, not to ours.

This passage is taken from Father Knox's *The Belief of Catholics*, published with official Imprimatur by Sheed and Ward.

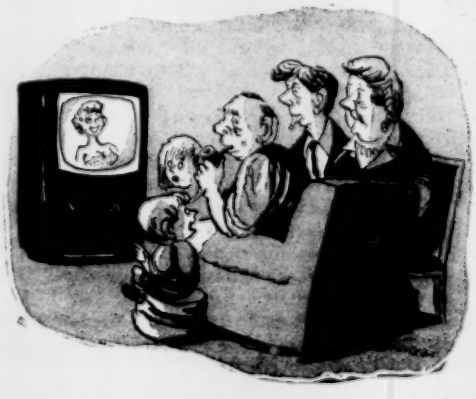
* * *

The present Philippine Ambassador to this country, Mr Leon Ma Guerrero, is an almost unique member of his profession. His speeches are so fresh, so sensible, so free from the conventional emptiness of official utterances that they fully justify reprinting in pamphlet form. The booklet is entitled *Alternatives for Asians, the Philippine Experiment*. In a foreword Mrs Pandit rightly suggests that it should cure us of 'the fallacy of generalising about the Asian mind'. But he makes at least one generalisation which will startle a good many Europeans:

> Because ancient Asia is reborn, because she is young again, she is full of hope. She is everything that the young are: enthusiastic, quarrelsome, idealistic, impulsive, intolerant, generous in sacrifice, sanguine in expectations, and often divided in heart and confused in purpose by the discovery of reality. Perhaps you will forgive me the indiscretion of saying that, by contrast, it is Europe that seems ancient. To the traveller from Asia, Europe seems old and weary, tired of so much history, tired of making it and enduring it, tired of having so many things happen to her. Europe just wants to be left alone. But young Asia has a lot of history before her; she wants to get so many things done that the past left undone. In terms of history, it is the Asians who are the new Elizabethans, sure of honour and glory, reckless of the odds, enchanted by self-discovery, feverishly impatient of success.

* * *

'Yes, these really are the "new Elizabethans"', I said to myself when I looked in on the Merdeka Convention in Friends House this week. There a large gathering of Malayan students in this country – about half of Malay stock, the other half being Chinese with a good sprinkling of Indians – were hotly, but responsibly, arguing about such problems as the use of Malay as their national language and the rise of Malayan nationalism. The long table in the entrance hall was piled up with a series of 30-odd papers presented to the Merdeka Convention; their titles showed how alive these Malayans are to their own problems. 'How can democracy work in Malaya?'; 'Role of the government in economic development'; 'The social life of the Malay'; 'The Indian aspect of Malayan social and cultural life'; 'Literature in Chinese schools in Malaya'; 'Towards a Malayan art'; 'Girls' education in the Federation of Malaya'; and so forth. It was a splendid idea of the Malayan students to hold such a Merdeka Convention. They were not satisfied with junketing to celebrate their independence. One speaker referred to the old myths about the Malays; 'the Malays are lazy, that is why they are poor'. The truth of the matter of course is that the farmers and fishermen, who make up 76 per cent of the population, work very hard, often for a pittance. Only now that Independence has been won, will this new nation get down to the hard facts of an unbalanced economy and a multiracial society.



'What did people do before there was the telly, Dad?'

* * *

Arthur Miller, it seems, is in more trouble with the Un-American Activities Committee because he has now admitted some vague recollection of a lady named Mrs Sue Warren whose name he had said a year or two ago meant nothing to him. I have been asking myself what would happen to me or anyone else in public life if faced with similar questions. I should regard it as something of a miracle if I did remember the name of a lady whom I met 15 or 20 years ago, and hadn't known since. I find it difficult to recall the names, and for that matter, the faces of people I was introduced to yesterday. It happens every week of my life that I am embarrassed by meeting a friendly person who shakes me warmly by the hand, says how nice it is to see me again, and asks me if I've seen old so and so recently. I remember neither him nor his friend. 'More fools know Tom Fool than Tom Fool knows,' as somebody, I am not quite sure who, said. No aspect of McCarthyism has, I think, shocked sensible people more than the pretence that a normally bad memory is the same thing as perjury.

* * *

When Malcolm Muggeridge left the *Telegraph* and went to *Punch* five years ago, he was heard to say that his political object was to do down the welfare state; in particular, to counteract the influence of the NEW STATESMAN. It proved otherwise. He disliked the Tories more than Labour – no doubt because the Tories were in office. In the event, he loosed his satirical shafts against Winston and Eden, featured well-known NEW STATESMAN writers in *Punch*, and sent deeply considered and brilliantly written articles to this journal. In truth, Malcolm Muggeridge has today become something more than a satirist and iconoclast. He is deeply interested in politics; but nowadays it is ideas that interest him, rather than scoring points. It is this that has made him a highly successful chairman on TV. As a broadcaster everyone pans him, and yet everyone listens to him. He is a many-sided person who needs more than one medium, and this paper hopes to continue to publish his philosophic reflections.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

When Sgt Shaw replied, Mr Hall-Wright said: 'Tell me, were you holding the Chief Inspector's hand?'

Sgt Shaw replied: 'It is not customary for police officers to hold hands.' – *Birmingham Evening Despatch.* (John Witty.)

I wondered why my bus was going so fast late at night. Then the conductor said: 'We're nipping along sharpish to miss the cinema crowds.' – *Daily Mirror.* (Mary Folley.)

An Income-Tax official appearing in a case at Dorchester yesterday told the Bench that he had received from the defendant concerned "a documentary remittance."

The Chairman, Mr. A. C. R. Pope: Is a documentary remittance a cheque?

Witness: Yes. – *Dorset Daily Echo.* (K. J. Prankerd.)

One of the audience, who had lived in India for some years, astonished me at the end by saying that if an Indian had ever used the club swimming pool she would never have gone near it again. This statement, made in 1957, gave me an excellent opportunity to explain how very clean well-bred Indians are. – *Sunday Times.* (Ralph Ford.)

The Two Germanys

How difficult it is to see through the Iron Curtain! Before I visited the Deutsche Demokratische Republik (the DDR, as it is called), I thought of it as a Russian colony, run by the most Stalinist of all the satellite governments. I now realise that this West German stereotype is as distorted and over-simplified as an Irish Republican's description of Ulster or a South Korean account of North Korea. Of course, the presence of some twenty Red Army divisions means that the DDR is completely under Russian military control. Yet, from all I saw and heard, I am now convinced that the western description of it as a Russian colony is only slightly more sensible than the eastern description of the Bundesrepublik as an American colony. The fact is that both the capitalism of West Germany and the Communism of East Germany have many characteristically German features.

Nothing could be more German, for instance, than the atmosphere of the *Transformotoren und Röntgenwerk*, Dresden, which now has its own kindergarten, children's home, polyclinic and building co-operative. Since I was in Germany, I was not surprised either by the efficiency of the factory itself or by the superb buildings and equipment of the social services attached to it. But I must admit that I did not expect to meet in a totalitarian country such a devoted and apparently happy staff of doctors, nurses and kindergarten teachers. The building co-operative was even more of a surprise. I was taken round it by the secretary, Comrade Hoppe, a little bird-like man with thick glasses, a sharp nose and leather shorts. 'My ambition', he said to me, 'is to become a millionaire of Socialism, the organiser of the biggest building co-op in the DDR. Each co-op is given its land free and an interest-free loan for the building. Then we draw up our own rules.' Hoppe explained that in his co-op, in order to qualify, each man and his wife must put in 600 hours of work, either actually on the building, or on cleaning, secretarial assistance, etc. In addition, he must contribute 30 marks a month until he acquires a share of 1,800 marks, when he becomes a full member and waits his turn for a flat, whose rent depends on its size. If he moves, he gets his 1,800 marks back.

Hoppe had housed 900 families in two years, a tempo far faster than that achieved by the Dresden city council. I visited half a dozen families and liked the atmosphere. 'These are our own flats', one carpenter said to me very firmly. 'We don't depend on allocation by the council housing department, and they can't turn us out either.' I remarked to Hoppe that this seemed a considerable concession to capitalist thinking, and he replied: 'There are certain human rights which must be preserved in a truly Socialist state. I wanted to build over there, on the other side of the road. But there are 80 allotments there. I tried compulsory purchase, but they appealed – and won.'

The allotment holder is not the only private proprietor who survives in the DDR. Whereas, in Poland and Czechoslovakia, almost all small business was nationalised, the private sector in Eastern Germany includes 60 per cent of distribution and 10 per cent of productive industry. Moreover, under the most recent reorganisation, the state is to invest (à la Gaitskell) up to 40 per cent in private concerns, without demanding a share in management. In dealing with the peasants, too, the German Communists have shown moderation. Sixty-five per cent of the land is still in their hands, and only 18 per cent is farmed by the new agricultural co-ops.

I spent an afternoon visiting one of these, in a remote area of Brandenburg. Three biggish farms and 32 small peasant holdings had been merged into a unit of 2,000 acres. There were 63 members, of whom some 40 worked on the land, and among the rest were three building labourers, a blacksmith, a carpenter and two book-keepers. In this village 17 peasants remained outside the co-op, and some hours of talk convinced me that, whatever may have happened five years ago, there is now freedom of choice. The co-op's success, indeed, depends largely on the chairman – in this case a fitter from an aircraft factory, specially trained for the job. He was justifiably proud of his herd of 120 milking Friesians – looked after by two cowmen from a Junker's estate. He was justifiably ashamed of the field of wheat that was being combined that afternoon – a poor crop, thick with weeds. 'The agricultural workers who join', he said, 'are no problem. The peasants are the difficulty. Whenever anything goes wrong, they round on me and say "I told you so".' The co-op I saw was an interesting experiment and well worth comparing with the Israeli co-operative villages. I suspect, however, that, of the 6,000 already established in the DDR, a large number are failing because the organisation has gone much too fast and the chairman is not up to the job. Certainly the statistics show that the rate at which new co-ops are being founded has fallen sharply since 1953.

The factory social services and the agricultural co-ops were the two really exciting things I saw in the DDR. They are genuinely Socialist achievements, only possibly because of the nationalisation of large-scale industry and the division of the Junker estates. That is why every Social Democrat I talked to in West Berlin would like to see them maintained in a unified Germany, whereas the right-wing parties in the Bundesrepublik are pledged (to use the loathsome word they have invented) to 'reprivatise' the factories and the land.

The really vicious feature of the DDR is, of course, the political system. Since the man in the street has been continuously excluded from political power, first under the Nazis and now under the Communists, since 1933, it is not surprising that he accepts his lot with cynical indifference. At the other end of the scale, the Nazi élite has been replaced by a small Communist élite, for the most part old working-class anti-Fascists. In between the élite at the top and the masses at the bottom is a hierarchy of intellectuals, careerists and fellow-travellers. As someone observed to me in a Berlin pub: 'It was the little Hitlers who stood on our necks before, and they are back again today as little Ulbrichts.' A few of these middle-rung members of the hierarchy may be sincere converts, but most of them are time-servers, and the most disagreeable aspect of a visitor's life in the DDR is the dreary atmosphere of conformism with which they surround him. Whereas the Berlin worker in the pub or the small shopkeeper behind his counter feels perfectly free to air his views to a stranger, the fellow-travellers do not. They talk to you like newspaper editorials, and I suspect that the violence of their propaganda is in inverse proportion to the sincerity of their conversion. For the material rewards of the fellow-traveller are high. The salary is often bigger than it would be in the West; he usually has an excellent flat; magnificently equipped clubs are provided for his leisure hours. With such privileges, it is not surprising that there are so many middle-rung Marxist-Leninists in the DDR, who will remain fanatically opposed to American imperialism – until they are sure of a better job in West Germany.

But even here I must be fair. Twelve years of Communist indoctrination have at least taught everyone in East Germany to feel guilty about Hitler's crimes and to be genuinely afraid of a revival of German militarism in the Bundesrepublik. In West Berlin it is the mode conveniently to forget everything which happened between 1933 and 1945. In East Berlin it is the mode to be ashamed of Auschwitz and afraid of Speidel. I was received by the Acting President of the DDR with these words: 'Can't you people understand! We Germans are still not fit to be entrusted with these appalling weapons. If our scientists had discovered the A-bomb first, Hitler would have exultantly blown the whole of Europe to pieces. The way things are going under the Americans, there will soon be another crazy Führer, ready to blow the whole world to pieces with a German H-bomb.' Alas, there is not a single member of the Bonn government who would make such a remark to an English visitor.

I have come back from this trip with only one practical conclusion in mind. Whether we like it or not, Germany is now as firmly partitioned as Ireland or Korea. There are now two German states, each a strategic dependency of a super power. To suggest that these two states could now be demolished and one central state constructed in their place by a freely elected constituent assembly seems to me quite absurd. On the other hand, every year that these two German states continue to wage cold war against each other, the more malignantly will the German people be divided against itself. For neither the Bundesrepublik nor the DDR is a genuine, well-balanced German state. In each, certain German characteristics are exaggerated and distorted, so that the German people are now compelled to live arbitrarily divided between two rival ideologies, two rival economic systems and two rival cliques of unrepresentative German politicians – each with a strong vested interest in preserving partition. The kind of schizophrenia thereby induced must be a danger to European peace. And the sooner these two states start growing together instead of growing apart, the better for all concerned.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

What was Wrong with Pinfold

MR EVELYN WAUGH'S semi-autobiographical novel, *The Ordeal Of Gilbert Pinfold*, has been both sharply attacked and enthusiastically praised. Literary criticism is not our concern here, but perhaps I ought to add that I liked the beginning of the story, was prepared to admire the general plan of it, but found the hallucination scenes aboard ship rather crude and tedious, quite without the nightmare quality I had expected to find in them. This surprised me in a writer I have long admired – and indeed I was one of the very first to shout his praises – a novelist of originality, great technical skill, and personal distinction. I came to the conclusion that in these scenes he had got himself bogged down somewhere between reality and invention: reality, because he was describing more or less what had happened to himself; invention, because he had decided, perhaps hastily at the last moment, to substitute imaginary imaginary voices for the imaginary voices he himself seemed to hear; and that this would explain why, being hasty substitutions, they seem far below his usual level of creation and invention. But all this is guesswork. And it is not Mr Waugh but Gilbert Pinfold who is the subject of this essay.

Pinfold, we are told, is a middle-aged novelist of some distinction. He is well known abroad, where foreign students write theses on his work. He lives in an old house in the country, where his wife, who is younger than he is, farms their property. He has a large young family. He no longer travels widely as he used to do, and now pays only infrequent visits to London, though he is still a member of 'Bellamy's Club'.

> Since the end of the war his life had been strictly private. In his own village he took very lightly the duties which he might have thought incumbent on him. He contributed adequate sums to local causes but he had no interest in sport or in local government, no ambition to lead or to command. He had never voted in a parliamentary election, maintaining an idiosyncratic toryism which was quite unrepresented in the political parties of his time. . . .

His wife is a born Catholic and he is a convert. His days, we are told, are passed in writing, reading and managing his own small affairs. He lives as he wants to live and, unlike most people nowadays, is perfectly contented with his lot.

Nevertheless, he drinks a good deal, indeed rather too much. And because he sleeps badly he finds himself taking larger and larger doses of an opiate or sedative that he keeps mixed with Creme de Menthe, a remedy, based on an old prescription. So it is a boozy and half-doped Pinfold who finds his way, not without difficulty, to the cabin he has booked for a three-week voyage to the East. It is in this cabin that he begins to hear the voices that torment him, belonging to persecutors who have no existence, who are creations of his own unconscious. For the benefit of Jungians, it may be added that both the Shadow and the Anima are busily engaged in these spectral intrigues. Poor Pinfold finds himself in a kind of waking nightmare, out of which he does not emerge until he returns home. The local doctor tells him he has been the victim of the bromide and chloral he has been swigging so heartily. We leave him, safe and cosy again in his study, ready to start work, but preferring to his unfinished novel a more urgent piece: *The Ordeal Of Gilbert Pinfold.*

But if Pinfold imagines his troubles are over, he is a fool. He has been warned. Because the voices talked a lot of rubbish, making the most ridiculous accusations, he is ignoring the underlying truth uniting them all, the idea that he is not what he thinks he is, that he is busy deceiving both himself and other people. Consciously he has rejected this idea for some time; he has drowned it in alcohol, bromide and chloral; and now it can only batter its way through to him by staging a crude drama of lunatic voices. And though they are a long way from the truth in their detailed charges, they are right, these voices, when they tell him that he is a fake. It is of course Pinfold remonstrating with Pinfold; the fundamental self telling the ego not to be a mountebank. What is on trial here is the Pinfold *persona*. This *persona* is inadequate: the drink hinted at it; the dope more than suggested it; the voices proved it.

The style of life deliberately adopted by Pinfold is that of those old Catholic landed families, whose women live for the children and the home farm and whose men, except in wartime when, like Pinfold, they are ready to defend their country, detach themselves from the national life, behaving from choice as their ancestors were compelled to do from necessity, because of their religion. Everything we learn about Pinfold fits this style of life – with one supremely important exception, the fact, the obstinate fact, that he is by profession a writer, an artist. And this is the central truth about Pinfold, who could never have achieved any distinction as a novelist if he had not been essentially an artist. He is not a Catholic landed gentleman pretending to be an author. He is an author pretending to be a Catholic landed gentleman. But why, you may ask, should he not be both? Because they are not compatible. And this is not merely my opinion. It is really Pinfold's opinion too.

Though Pinfold may imagine he has achieved a style of life that suits him perfectly, his behaviour shows that he is wrong. Take the heavy drinking. Some men drink a lot because their work demands that they should appear to be easy and affable with persons they rather dislike; other men do it because they are naturally gregarious and like to lap it up with the boys; others again, like some politicians, journalists, actors, take to booze because their days and nights are a difficult mixture of boring waits and sudden crises. But Pinfold belongs to none of these groups. He is a solitary soaker, hoping to deaden his mind against reality. This explains too his reckless traffic with opiates and sedatives. Anything is better than lying awake at three in the morning, when the *persona* is transparent and brittle. So in the end the voices arrive. Their accusations are absurd, monstrous; he is an alien who has changed his name, a homosexual, a traitor, a would-be murderer; always they miss the mark, perhaps deliberately overshooting at it, as if there could be a deception even in these attempts to end deception; nevertheless, they are telling him he is not what he pretends to be. And if they stopped clowning and, perhaps with his consent, spoke plainly, they would say: 'Pinfold, you are a professional writer, a novelist, an artist, so stop pretending you represent some obscure but arrogant landed family that never had an idea in its head.'

Pinfold has to do some writing, from time to time, otherwise he could not earn a living. And when he is in the middle of a book he behaves like an artist, breaking the country gentleman pattern; but such times –

> were a small part of his year. On most nights he was neither fretful nor apprehensive. He was merely bored. After even the idlest day he demanded six or seven hours of insensibility. With them behind him, with them to look forward to, he could face another idle day with something approaching jauntiness; and these his doses unfailingly provided. . . .

This is very revealing. When he is not working, Pinfold is bored because his *persona* is inadequate, because the role he has condemned himself to play is too sketchy and empty, because the intellectual and artist in him feel frustrated and starved. An author is not an author only when he is writing. Genuine authorship, to which Pinfold, who is no hack, is committed, is just as much a way of life as farming or soldiering. It is one of the vocations. This is why, at a time when most people are demanding more and more for their goods and services, the author can safely be offered less, for it is an open secret, no matter what he may say, that he is in love with his trade. If the worst came to the worst, he would take a clerkship at the gasworks and pay out of his savings to be printed.

What we may call *Pinfolding* – the artist elaborately pretending not to be an artist – is an old trick here in England, thanks to our aristocratic tradition and our public suspicion of intellect and the arts. Congreve was pinfolding when Voltaire visited him, only to be told that Congreve considered himself to be a gentleman of leisure, not a writer of plays; which drew from Voltaire the retort that he would not have wasted his time calling upon a gentleman, only upon the writer of plays. The English are born pinfolders. (Think of Elgar, his mind brooding over the heartbreak of his Cello Concerto, doing his best to look and behave like a retired colonel with a passion for horse-racing.) It saves us from the solemn posturing we have observed among our foreign colleagues, who are more portentous about a short review than we could be about an epic creation. We avoid the *Cher Maître* touch. Yet I think the Continental attitude, for all its pomposity, extravagance, incitement to charlatanry, is saner, healthier, better for both the arts and the nation, than ours is. If authors and artists in this country are not only officially regarded without favour but even singled out for unjust treatment – as I for one believe – then the Pinfolds are partly to blame. They not only do not support their profession: they go over to the enemy. Congreve may have shrugged away his reputation as a poet and dramatist, but at least he identified himself with a class from which were drawn the chief patrons of poetry and the drama, whereas the Pinfolds are hiding themselves among fox-hunters, pheasant slaughterers, horse and cattle breeders.

Let Pinfold take warning. He will break down again, and next time may never find a way back to his study. The central self he is trying to deny, that self which grew up among books and authors and not among partridges and hunters, that self which even now desperately seeks expression in ideas and words, will crack if it is walled up again within a false style of life. Whatever Mrs Pinfold and the family and the neighbours may think and say, Pinfold must step out of his role as the Cotswold gentleman quietly regretting the Reform Bill of 1832, and if he cannot discover an accepted role as English man of letters – and I admit this is not easy – he must create one, hoping it will be recognisable. He must be at all times the man of ideas, the intellectual, the artist, even if he is asked to resign from Bellamy's Club. If not; if he settles down again to sulk and soak behind that inadequate *persona*, waiting for a message from Bonnie Prince Charlie; then not poppy, nor mandragora, nor all the drowsy syrups of the world, shall ever medicine him.

J. B. PRIESTLEY

Fleet Street Notebook

TEN weeks ago the *Mirror-Pictorial* group, generally regarded in Fleet Street as having the best eye in the business for what the youth of today, when counted in millions, likes, mounted its biggest ever frontal attack on the teenage market. 'Youth', it announced in the loudest possible voice, 'Must Have Its FLING'. 'If You're Smug, Prissy, Stodgy—Chuck This Paper Away', invited Fling's first issue. Unfortunately, whether for these or other reasons, the invitation was accepted by too many. This week the paper died.

The ending was sudden. Sentence was passed between make-up and run-off; no news of it was given in *Fling* itself. Indeed, so far from closing with an obituary notice *Fling* ended with a murder. Monday's issue offered eager, bright-eyed teenagers a new thrill and a new inducement to go on taking the paper that was already dead: a prize of £100 for discovering 'the body of a murdered girl in Epping Forest'. Not of course that an actual body was provided: newspaper enterprise has some limits. But a three-page picture feature gave vivid photographs of the crime for the edification of the teenage public. First there was the young man persuading the lonely girl in the pub to come to his flat. Then the struggle when he tried to kiss her. After that the murder by strangulation. (Nearly a full-page picture this). Her violent death, the text alongside it reports rather chidingly, was her own fault. Finally there was the man's 'phone call to a friend with a car (*Fling* characters had obliging friends); the stowing of the body in the car boot; and so to the burial of the body in 'a shallow grave' in the depths of the forest. It was all there in vivid photographs—*Fling's* last service to youth. A list of clues was accompanied by the note that not an actual body but a green plastic box (photo inset) was waiting in the forest to be found.

Did the box contain a copy of the last issue of *Fling*? It should have done; it should offer a clue directing the attention of the law to a handsome room in Geraldine House where the murderer-in-chief, Mr Cecil Harmsworth King, brood on the ups and downs of his far-flung newspaper empire and the idiosyncrasies of public taste under a large portrait of his uncle, the late Lord Northcliffe. Justifiable homicide would seem the appropriate verdict in this instance.

Fling was an attempt to hit a new market and at the same time to save by rebirth a valuable but declining property, *Mid-Week Reveille*. This, like its parent *Week-End Reveille*, had passed the peak of the 'cheesecake circulation' which it at first secured, and had fallen to a mere 1,400,000 or so. Apart from the *Junior Mirror*, which attempted to catch potential *Mirror* readers while they were at school, and which also flopped after a comparatively short run, *Fling* represents the first big failure of the *Mirror-Pictorial* group in its own *genre*. It has been quite a failure. Ten weeks was enough to cut the 1,400,000 it inherited by half. This raises the question whether the infallible golden touch of the *Mirror-Pictorial* group is beginning to lose its potency. In the long run this may prove a good thing for the group as well as others. Over-confidence is a dangerous ally.

I am afraid an error due to my shocking writing led to the last Audit Bureau circulation figures of the *News Chronicle* appearing in this column last week as 1,324,000 instead of 1,394,000. I am extremely sorry about this error. I find it difficult, however, to follow the *News Chronicle* throughout the whole of a somewhat portentously headed statement on its front page last Friday: 'Mr Francis Williams and the *News Chronicle*'. Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to believe that I had, as the *News Chronicle* suggested, 'Misread or misunderstood' the ABC figures in reporting that, apart from the *Daily Herald* (which is much more vulnerable to the competition of the *Mirror*), the *News Chronicle* has been the only paper to lose readers over the past year—and indeed (again with the *Herald*) over the past ten years, despite the fact that newspaper sales as a whole have increased enormously during this decade.

I have already said that I found this journalistically inexplicable. And, indeed, I do. The *News Chronicle* seems to me to be most of the time far and away the most intelligent and well-balanced of the popular daily papers and the one I personally find most readable. But the record is there. It is no use ignoring it and it seems to me of some importance both journalistically and socially. The latest ABC figure for the *News Chronicle* was issued at the end of last month. It was 1,394,000. That issued six months before was 1,433,000 and that twelve months previously was 1,441,000—showing a fall, as I said last week, of 39,000 and 47,000 respectively. These earlier figures were not included in the statement published by the *News Chronicle*. The trend disclosed by these figures is disappointing. I should think better of popular newspaper readers if it was in exactly the opposite direction. But if this column is to have any value I cannot quote only the figures that please me or their fortunate beneficiaries. Some of the decline in net sales shown by these averages is, in any event, to the editorial credit of the *News Chronicle*. It was due to its stand over Suez, which upset a considerable number of old *Daily Dispatch* readers taken over when that paper died, and is, so to speak, a non-recurring loss. In fact, the average daily net sale for June alone which the *News Chronicle* gave in its statement on Friday is, at just over 1,400,000, some 6,000 up on the average for the full six months, although still below the average for the two previous six-month periods. I hope this recovery will continue and that the *News Chronicle* will go on winning new readers at the rate its journalistic merit deserves.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

On the Council

IN August the Kintyre District Council always meets in the Tarbert junior secondary school, which is having its summer holiday cleaning, so that access to our committee room is somewhat complicated by sudden areas of soap-suds and buckets half-way up the stern stone stairs. When we get there, it is, as usual, the science room and we sit round a table decorated with curls of bunsen tubing and the scars of decades of hot beakers and acid spills. As usual, we have to sit on high wooden stools; as usual, I suggest that Tarbert might lend us cushions, and, as usual, I get a wry smile from the Tarbert representative who is an ex-schoolmaster and perhaps believes in this type of corporal discipline.

On most of the committees, boards and what-have-you which I attend from time to time, one finds that ministers—who abound in Scotland with our profusion of churches—doctors and ex-teachers talk most; then come the owners of small businesses and contractors. The farmers for the most part only talk of what they know; the lairds tend to be reserved and rather deprecating as befits the dethroned boss class. If there are any representatives of the artistic professions, they are apt to be silent and then suddenly burst into sometimes chaotic blazes of irritation.

It is not at all easy to get people to take on local authority work. With us, any meeting means a day off work and a long journey, anything from fifteen to a hundred miles, to take my own case, or even, in winter, to Glasgow, which is sometimes easier for everyone to get to than anywhere within the county. Expenses are paid and an allowance for those who lose a wage, but not for the self-employed. Nor can an employer, however willing, always let a man off. The quarterly committee meetings, for instance, take three days. A conscientious councillor will have to spend time and money on letters and phone calls, as well as personal visits and inspections.

My own inspections have recently been centring round our old sewer. The new council houses have a lovely new sewer, whose outflow was carefully checked for drift in the sea. But most of the houses are still on the old estate sewer. There is a plan for a replacement, but it has rather fallen behind the places which have no drains at all.

The old sewer always prefers to burst in the middle of the tourist season and in hot weather; this has something to do with the tourists using our sanitary facilities with such reckless abandon. It is not easy to mend, and the end which goes down on to the beach looks as though it had been nibbled by sharks. I ring up helplessly, bleating to the county engineer or the road surveyor or both; they rush to my rescue. There is also the little matter of the slope off the main road down to the village hall, past my byre. The water from the road runs into the byre drain and chokes it. 'You should tell them to put it right,' says Lachlan. I say that I don't see how I can complain, seeing I'm the councillor myself, but if he should see the road foreman, well. . . .

Our road foreman is a round and twinkling man, who has an agricultural smallholding on the Department of Agriculture estate at Moy, where he does a number of highly sensible things, including being the first to practise strip grazing, improving both his pasture and his milk yield. He tells me the gossip from the far end of my division, and once gave me a tow from his lorry when my car stuck on a hill. The Moy tenants are a fine lot of people, progressive and intelligent; I wish I could see a land settlement policy and more of these holdings, for there are plenty of people who want them.

Tarbert, though, where the August meeting is being held, is at the further end of Kintyre. Not all of us are there. But we dig firmly into our problems, half of which are about roads. One is the Dunaverty road, trodden, one would think, by plenty of ghosts from the old massacre, but a special complication for us because it goes down to the tiny harbour from which one takes off for Sanda lighthouse; this means that we get a contribution towards it from the Light House Board. And then, of course, there are the public conveniences; the one which is owned by the Tarbert Harbour Board is a real shocker. What is a bit worrying is that, whatever cleaning and replacing is done, in a few weeks it is just as bad, fittings are broken, walls scrawled on. It

is a pity that our level of civilisation is so low that we can't have such things without having caretakers to stop all this mess being made.

We discuss water supplies too, and the letters which are to go from ourselves to the county, including a recommendation for a compulsory purchase order. Then we diverge on to litter and decide that we could spend a little money on litter baskets. We are one of the district councils which have a little money, as we impose a small rate—and, of course, get equalisation grant on it as well. One of the councillors tells how he suggested to someone that they put an empty cigarette carton into a litter basket instead of on to the road 'and got dogs' abuse for it'. I did the same thing at Kylakin in Skye, waiting for the ferry, when the people in the car ahead of me threw out paper on to the road instead of taking the trouble to get out of a stationary car and walk a few yards to the basket. I suppose they consider themselves to be in a higher social class than the defacers of lavatories, but they have the same attitude.

After a glance at cemeteries, we end up, as always, with housing, including the usual letters from dissatisfied applicants who see no reason why the undeserving Mrs X should have got a house and not themselves. A council house is worth scheming for. People move in with relations in order to become more overcrowded. Thank goodness I have no local allocation to do this time!

Could everything be done just as well by a few officials? I'm never quite sure. I suppose we councillors do keep them on their toes, though I can't see our district clerk ever being inactive. And a meeting is, in its way, a pleasing social occasion, though a lot easier on the behind in Campbeltown. Perhaps one day Tarbert will get around to giving us cushions!

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The Arts and Entertainment

Festival First Choice

A VIOLENT division of opinion has broken out over the Edinburgh Festival Society's choice of Mr Jonathan Griffin's *The Hidden King* as the chief play of the festival, the play to fill the open stage of the Assembly Hall this year. Most of the critics turned down their thumbs, and some even turned them another way in a gesture not wholly polite. The Festival authorities naturally defended their choice, though not always with good arguments, and three of the leading members of the cast—all highly intelligent men as well as excellent actors, who had given (and had received due praise for) admirable performances—spoke up in support.

Each side has a strong case, and, if I personally come down on the side of the Festival authorities, the balance only just tips and what brings it finally down in their favour is their enterprise. Tyrone Guthrie's production of *The Three Estates*, the first Festival play, was the only really good choice of play that in its ten years the Festival has made. No doubt it is difficult to find anything suitable; but some of their choices have been feeble. This choice is not that. *The Hidden King*, for all its faults, is a serious work on a very large scale. The authorities perceived that it would lend itself well to the open stage of the Assembly Hall, that it would fill out that vast, square, gloomy cavern and that it had the variety of scene and the colour which would show up well against the episcopalian browns and blacks. And they were quite right. *The Hidden King* is set in 'the cankered splendour of the Renaissance at its end'. Splendidly staged for all it is worth in the way of action and pageantry by Mr Christopher West, and dressed with a rich magnificence by Mr Leslie Hurry, it has visually and atmospherically satisfied everyone, even the severer critics. This is a first requisite for the Assembly Hall, and the second, for the main Festival offering, is that the play shall have something to it. Mere tushery, which might satisfy the first condition, wouldn't do. *The Hidden King* is very far from tushery. It is in verse of a contemporary idiom, in language that—on the page at least—is alive and kicking. It raises issues—the uses of power, divided loyalties, the necessity of choice—which, although played out in the past, refer plainly enough to our own day. It is, of course, a gamble to put on an extraordinarily expensive play by an unknown writer. But all theatre is a gamble and this one, on the face of it, was justified.

At two hours, or perhaps two and a half, it was even a gamble that might have come off. But it is not philistine or irrelevant to be daunted by the prospect, or the experience, of three and three-quarter hours (on the first night, I am told it was four and a quarter) on the barely covered benches of the Assembly Hall. I am surprised that Mr Griffin, whose subject is, after all, the human condition and whose language shows that he is not above noticing such things, should have failed to calculate the endurance-duration of the modern backside. The brain may be capable of a four-hour stretch, but not the seat. (Mr Griffin may counter with Wagner. But Wagnerians are all advanced masochists who know what they are in for and welcome the pleasure of their pain.) And on top of that, there are buses to be caught, children at home to be anxious about. For all practical purposes four hours are too long. Theatre is the most vulgar of the arts and must take account of the vulgarities of living.

But artistically as well as practically *The Hidden King* is too long. It is only natural that its author should be the last person to see this, for, as originally written and published (by Secker & Warburg at 21s.), it was not one play but three: 'a poem for the stage in the form of a trilogy' runs the sub-title. With all the arrogance of his convictions Mr Griffin intended it to be played on three successive evenings (or in the afternoon and evening of a single day). By the time it has been cut to fill a mere four hours, Mr Griffin may well feel that only the skeleton is left and stoutly resist further slashing. But he is wrong. We could not miss, to put it bluntly, another hour and a half.

'This is an adventure story in a Renaissance setting and meant to be enjoyed straightforwardly as that', writes the author in a programme note. And indeed he has a fine and curious tale to tell. Dom Sebastian, the young and arrogant King of Portugal, is staking his last hopes of glory on a crusade, against the advice of his veteran soldiers and politicians. The campaign is disastrous, the Portuguese are defeated, the King is never seen again and it is not known whether he is alive or dead: Portugal passes into the hands of Spain. Twenty years later the colony of Portuguese refugees in the Italian cities hear of a stranger claiming to be the King Sebastian, who was not killed in the battle but has been hiding ever since. He has been a common soldier and a common man, he claims. Only now that he has learnt the lessons of humanity is he fit to resume his kingship. This raises any number of problems. Is he genuine? If not, will he, anyhow, do? Is it in any case the right moment to try to recapture and restore Portugal? Is it, even if right, possible? The possibility of personal choices is, anyhow, illusionary. For the Pretender becomes a puppet of power politics. Spain hears of the Pretender and demands that he is handed over to them. Venice, out of policy, refuses, but will only back him if a power opposed to Spain will stand behind him. France offers. The Grand Duke of Tuscany advances himself as a protector. The Cardinal of Pisa objects. The Spanish Ambassador brings an ultimatum. The Grand Duke caves in. Handed over to the Spanish, the Stranger is thrown into prison. Torture produces the customary signed 'confession': the gallows are erected and he is 'hanged by the neck before the people and torn limb from limb'.

Mr Griffin is right to see this as material for a tale of adventure and he would have done better to concentrate on telling it dramatically and straightforwardly—the 'implications' would have looked after themselves. But narrative is not his strength. The tale is muzzed in the telling. I doubt whether many of his audience followed it as clearly as they should have done. There are some fine scenes: the Stranger confronting the Venetian Senate (a splendid worldly Doge from Iain Cuthbertson); the brawls at Padua in which, by a trick, the Stranger is involved; the Court of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, with the Cardinal and the Spanish Ambassador squabbling for his life; the torture and confession scenes and the final hanging. All the big scenes, indeed, make their effect, but in the smaller linking passages the tension gets lost, the drama is spilled out,

and, worst of all, the story is obscured. Having worked towards his crisis, Mr Griffin loses it in a splutter of verse that analyses abstractions when it should evoke our feelings. His descriptions are admirable, but he never fires our emotions. In the last analysis it comes down to that. We don't care about his people. Mr Robert Eddison puts up a virtuoso display first as the arrogant young king, then as the strange, noble-minded Pretender. But he cannot – it is far from his fault – make us care for this waffling, indecisive sufferer. He has not been conceived as a human being and never comes to life. So, too, Mr Robert Speaight conducts the very large part of a sort of chorus with enormous resource, variety, attack and command. More could not have been done for him, and yet at the end we know no more and care no more about this character than at the beginning.

Yet to have called forth two such remarkable performances – and others, too, notably Micheal MacLiammoir, Ernest Thesiger, Sebastian Shaw, Pauline Jameson and Leo Ciceri – is an achievement which can't simply be dismissed. Sprawling, muddled, muzzy, tedious at times, as this play is, it does evoke a world, and one recognisable to our present experience. The groans of the tortured in the prisons of San Lucar echo the groans of the tortured in the prisons of Hungary or Algeria or where you will.

I must postpone till next week a review of the other plays which the festival offers.

T. C. WORSLEY

Edinburgh Festival—II

A GOOD deal of what strikes me as wild talk is going on, even in normally sober quarters, about the need for Edinburgh to embark on large-scale building operations in order to house its three-week Festival more adequately. 'Edinburgh must erect an opera house', declares the *Sunday Times;* the *Scotsman* seriously debates the conversion into a theatre of the Usher Hall, one of the few really good concert rooms in the country; and in the *Manchester Guardian* Mr Hope-Wallace gaily proposes 'a new opera house in the Grassmarket . . . also a second theatre and a much-needed Festival Centre, with catering and concourse on a scale adequate to absorb the quarter-million festival visitors'. Brave boy; I should like to see him expound his plans to a dour assembly of city fathers – that is, assuming they haven't a million pounds or so up their sleeves. Of course he anticipates opposition; tiresome people are sure to ask what purpose these new buildings will serve during the rest of the year, but such prosaic objections are waved aside. 'When amid the ruins of Frankfurt or Cologne such buildings are put up is that question even asked?'

The answer is distressingly simple. In Cologne and Frankfurt these questions are not asked because they do not arise. Each of these cities, like every fair-sized German town, possesses a municipal opera company of long standing and proved ability; opera there has always been an essential part of daily life, and can survive even the destruction of a fine opera-house. That things should be so very different here in Great Britain is a deplorable fact, but a fact none the less; and if some fairy godmother were to present a dozen or so of our leading cities with beautiful brand-new opera houses overnight, but with neither the companies nor perhaps the audiences to fill them, we should have no more than a string of expensive mausoleums. The Edinburgh mausoleum would differ from the rest only in having a definite *raison d'être* during a bare month in each year. If Scotland really wants opera, she should follow the excellent example of the Welsh National Opera Company, and start with the music, not with bricks and mortar.

Short of these grandiose projects, can nothing be done? I suggest that the city, which theoretically 'loses' on its Festival, but makes a packet on the side, might offer to finance structural improvements on a fairly extensive scale at both the King's and the Empire Theatres. Italian opera at the first, and Swedish ballet at the second, have this year been visibly spoilt (hence, no doubt, all the journalistic talk) by the antiquity and inconvenience of the stage arrangements. Of course both these theatres are privately owned; and it may be that the manager of the King's Theatre loves his crazy old lighting-board, and that the manager of the Empire would weep to see his stage rebuilt at a less absurdly tilted angle. I prefer to think, however, that they would welcome the chance to modernise their theatres at little or no expense to their own pockets. What more does the Edinburgh Festival need? Better weather, of course; but here I can offer no suggestion except arcades in Princes Street and maybe a Scottish National Prayer Week. More and better hotels; better catering; simplest and most necessary of all, an extension of licensing hours so that the thirsty mobs who at about ten o'clock pour out of half-a-dozen theatres and halls can be distributed comfortably instead of jamming the Festival Club solid.

Now that Professor Dent is dead, who will cherish the memory of the old opera poets? Three of the four operas presented by the Piccola Scala are from the pen of the admirable Felice Romani; yet one scarcely hears his name mentioned, except for a passing sneer at the absurdity of *La Sonnambula.* Is it so very absurd? Only old-fashioned and sentimental, I should have thought; but perfectly adapted to the elegiac genius of Bellini, and expressed in verses still admired in Italy for their limpid flow.

Ah non credea mirarti
Si presso estinto, o fiore;
Passasti al par d'amore
Che un giorno sol durò.

'I did not think to see you so soon withered, poor flower; you have died like our love, that lived only for a day.' The melody, amongst the most haunting in music, is so familiar that we hardly think of the words, and fail to notice that Bellini has phrased them as lovingly and carefully as though he were Hugo Wolf and his poet Goethe.

Romani's versatility is demonstrated by the Pirandello-ish complication of *Il Turco in Italia* (still ahead at the moment of writing) and by the rustic gaiety and romance of *L'Elisir d'Amore.* A few more such performances, and *L'Elisir* will begin to rival the English popularity of *Don Pasquale* itself: its humour is contagious, it is full of entrancing tunes and beautifully composed ensembles, and it offers 'important' tenors a rare and much-cherished opportunity to play the fool, while yet retaining their full romantic status in 'Una furtiva lagrima'. Giuseppe di Stefano, making his first stage appearance in this country, revealed himself as an amusingly lugubrious comedian, with a swarthy countenance and sad black dog-like eyes vaguely suggestive of Eddie Cantor on a much larger scale; he delighted the audience with his clean and full-blooded singing, but he might with advantage have brought a softer and more graceful line to such lyrical passages as 'Quanto è bella'. In fact the one considerable drawback in the Piccola Scala's highly enjoyable performance under Nino Sanzogno was a tendency to overdo the exuberance and the vocal and orchestral volume. Rosanna Carteri has good looks and a certain sense of style, but hardly such vocal purity and precision as charmed our ears in the Adina of Renata Scotto at the Stoll earlier this summer. Giulio Fioravanti made a Sergeant Belcore somewhat below the best Knightsbridge standards – rather more of a National Service Corporal, one would have guessed; but Fernando Corena was a rotund and jolly Dr Dulcamara of delightful bounce and infinite resource. There were agreeable sets by Mario Vellani Marchi, and a production by Franco Enriquez which just hit off the good-natured summery mood of the piece.

Signor Sanzogno was again at the desk for the superb revival of Cimarosa's *Il Matrimonio Segreto.* It is customary to say – and it is quite

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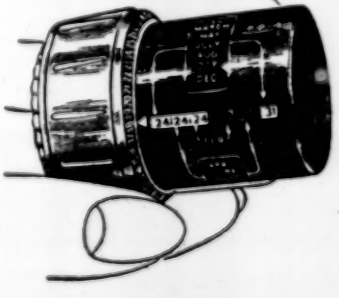

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true – that Cimarosa's masterpiece is like Mozart without the depth and genius, or like Rossini without the comic gusto. Stendhal, who loved this opera, put his finger unerringly on Cimarosa's weakness when he pointed out his excessive blandness and predictability: one wishes, for instance, that his basses would show more enterprise and not stick so firmly to tonic and dominant. All the same, what pleasure this opera can still afford us, with its delicate workmanship, its ingenious ensembles and its first-rate sense of the stage: we are spoilt children if we can no longer enjoy a score which Verdi deemed perfect of its kind. As for the current production, it is the Piccola Scala's masterpiece, easily the most stylish and finished of the three already seen, and the only one actually designed for its small stage. The sets and costumes (by Luciano Damiani and Ezio Frigerio respectively) have an elegance rarely achieved in Italy or anywhere else; and Giorgio Strehler's direction is worthy of the genius who gave us the Piccolo Teatro's inspired *Arlecchino* last year. It was wonderful to see on the operatic stage such perfect timing, such discretion and theatrical good manners: the dear familiar old jokes of opera buffa conceived afresh and presented without any of the usual clumsy exaggeration. Musically, too, the ensemble approached perfection: its one flaw was Gabriella Carturan's unwieldy management of the upper reaches of her fine voice in the role of amorous Aunt Fidalma. Luigi Alva, a *tenore di grazia* from Peru, was the brightest star in a capital vocal sextet; and he was well partnered by Gabriella Sciutti, an exquisite Carolina whose delicate soprano only wants a little more body and colour in sostenuto singing. Eugenia Ratti was brilliant as her snobbish elder sister; Carlo Badioli had hilarious moments as their even more snobbish mercantile papa; and Franco Calabrese made the most foppish and eccentric of English Milords. It was from end to end a demonstration of the purest style; and style, in Cimarosa as in Congreve, is just about everything.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

The Abominable Snowman

HE has disappeared into the Great Mysteries; but it's surprising the screen shouldn't have met him long ago. It must be six or seven years since he had his season. *The Times* noticed him. The *Daily Mail*, which loves monsters, sent an expedition. We waited breathlessly. Of course with a name like that (which Yeti can hardly displace) he was bound to succeed – up to a point. That point, it was soon realised, just fell short of being seen or heard by any of those who went out to find him. Footprints aren't quite the same; the Devil left his near Exeter (when also *The Times* looked up). A dubious scalp in a monastery, red hairs, Sherpa talk, mountain dreams, the conviction that he had just left or was watching round the next corner: these were all that came back. Could the screen go on waiting? He arrives.

I wish I could add 'with a bang'. But the fact is *The Abominable Snowman* (General Release) takes an age to get going. In the highest monastery they talk and talk, and the woman of the party gets more and more scared (but do we?), and that old lama squats wisely and sees everything out on the mountain. Then the wicked Americans turn up: they want to shoot a Yeti or launch him on TV. The British are all terribly decent and nervy, since this is a British film. I don't complain of that, but that the film lacks grip. The monastery is a studio-bound, and so too – when we come to them, and despite splendid panoramas – are the mountains. What's the good of chaps saying 'How cold it is!' when they sit chatting in the snow at 20 below? *The Gold Rush* looked more real; and here I kept expecting a bear or a giant chicken to come round the high bend. This is hardly the mood that adventure of this kind should excite; and I went, mind you, expecting to enjoy myself. At last a Hand does steal under the tent-flap, a steel net is torn to shreds, a Yeti lies dead at our feet and just out of camera view, with the face-to-face meeting yet to come. I won't give away more, except to say that the most authentic thrills are of men going mad and stumbling off into the snows where dead men's voices join the wail of the Yeti. Perhaps I have been a little too strict with *The Abominable Snowman*, but it let me down, especially as its script-writer did so well with *The Quatermass Experiment*.

In the old silent days, Lon Chaney would have walked into the part, and come back to play the organ in St Paul's. *Man of a Thousand Faces* (Odeon) is supposedly his biography, an odd mix-up that tries to create legend and works hard not to be too unpleasant. Chaney's parents, it seems, were deaf and dumb, and he came to screen horrors from stage clowning. The makers of the film have flinched before the possibilities here; in ruthless hands, I feel, this might have been a first-rate subject. James Cagney does his best with a disagreeable Punchinello, and puts on a variety of acts, but his best moments are Cagney not Chaney. It was silly, anyway, to pretend he was a great man.

I had looked forward to *Full of Life* (London Pavilion), postponed for a week, and containing Miss Judy Holliday. But is she herself? She is in fact visibly pregnant: hence the title, which in retrospect seems awful. It may break new ground so far as Hollywood comedy is concerned, and in fact a good deal of the film is funny and quite endearing. Miss Holliday falls through a hole in the kitchen floor, can't get up from a rocking-chair, starts when her husband makes eyes at a woman in the train, and says, 'Your son kicked me': these are better moments than they may sound. But then, with God (RC) brought in, re-marriage in church, and a bouncing boy, the film got too lovely for me. Spinsterdom next time please, Miss Holliday.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

October Revolution

WELL, we now have at any rate some indication of what the future pattern of sound broadcasting is to be, though the role and content of Network Three are still mysterious; and, on the face of it, it seems that the October Revolution is going to be considerably less revolutionary than was feared some months ago. The Light will get lighter – there, the BBC has finally abandoned its attempt to educate its masters; and the Home, it seems safe to say, will not get any heavier; but at least the wholesale sacrifice of talks and features that was prophesied earlier in the year is not to take place. Whether there will be less of either or of both remains to be seen: we shan't know until we have detailed programmes week by week.

The Third, however, has put out pretty full information about its programmes for the first quarter of the new regime, and it is plain that the Third is going to remain the Third, complete with recordings of *Tristan und Isolde* and *Die Meistersinger* from Bayreuth, new translations of *Œdipus Rex* and *Lysistrata*, a new Betti, adaptations from Kafka and *The Brothers Karamazov* as well as from Samuel Beckett and L. P. Hartley, and features on Conrad, Gissing and Norman Douglas. The amount of music broadcast is to be cut by roughly an hour a day, but the number of new programmes in the spoken word will be very much the same as that in previous quarters. Are we, then, to sit back and congratulate the chairman and governors of the BBC, Mr John Morris, Mr Eliot, Mr Laslett, Sir Laurence and ourselves on having saved the Third?

If the answer is 'yes', it is surely a 'yes' with very serious qualifications. For how has the feat been achieved? The explanation is given in the BBC's handout to the press: 'To make the best use of the shorter broadcasting time, there will be fewer repeats of programmes than hitherto. It will, for instance, be exceptional for a talk to be repeated. Most plays and features, however, will normally be repeated once within a few days of the original broadcast, but subsequent repeats, if decided upon, will follow at a much longer interval than has hitherto been usual.' An obvious solution, but one that reverses the previous policy of the BBC and will almost inevitably result in a lowering of standards.

I am not here concerned with the general convenience to listeners of repeats. The immediate point is that writers for broadcasting, the actors in their programmes, and talks broadcasters are suddenly faced with an enormous drop in the kind of earnings they have been used to; and this is true not merely for broadcasters in the Third alone but also for those in some programmes on other services which, if rumour is true, are no longer to be repeated. For years the BBC has been trying to attract good writers and people with something to say to broadcasting, and its success has been due very largely to its policy of repeating programmes. The reason is simple. Relatively, BBC fees have never been high, and the scope for bargaining on the part of individual writers and broadcasters has been pretty limited. The policy of repeating programmes, however, changed the situation completely. In the past, a speaker in the Third knew that his talk would almost certainly be repeated once and that the repeat would bring him in a fee three-quarters of that for the first broadcast. The dramatist or feature-writer in the Third knew that his programme would be repeated twice, that the fee for the first repeat would be a third of that for the original transmission and the fee for the second repeat would be the same as for the original. It was the prospect of the programme's being repeated, in other words, that in many instances made writing for broadcasting financially worth while, and the loss it seems that the writer must suffer under the new dispensation needs no underlining.

It looks, unless there is to be a considerable rise in fees, very much as though the Third has been saved at the expense of those who write and perform in it. It is important to see the BBC's problem clearly and as a whole. That it has to finance an expanding television service in the face of commercial competition is only part of it. Something like the present situation, even if not so intense, would have arisen had television not been invented. Like everything else, it is in the grip of inflation. Like everything else, it needs more money; and the only way it could get it would be by raising the price of listeners' licences. Did I hear anyone murmur 'vicious spiral'? Broadcasters and writers for broadcasting are going to learn a lot about that in the next few months.

WILLIAM SALTER

Correspondence

TROUBLE IN COVENT GARDEN

SIR,—Having read Mr Dinswood's letter, which alleges restrictive practices by the Covent Garden workers, I feel that I must, as the secretary of the Covent Garden branch of the Transport and General Workers Union, challenge his assertions and put the correct facts before your readers.

When goods were consigned to a firm, or to a group of firms, the men claimed the right to handle such goods, in return for which they accepted all responsibility for handling. This often meant waiting for five or six hours for goods to arrive, and the handling right was in reality an alternative to 'waiting-time' payments which operate elsewhere. This was piece-work, and no work meant no money.

Antiquated warehouses and shortage of storage space not only reduced pitchers' piece-work earnings but inevitably led, and still lead, to long delays in unloading vehicles when the market is busy. Neither a pitching group, nor individual porters, would deliberately keep a firm waiting, or idle their time away, because the amount in their pay packets at the end of the week depended entirely on and was in direct ratio to the amount of work they shifted.

The so-called blackmail for tips ('dropsy') is another attempt to blame the men for the questionable methods of many traders. We can produce overwhelming evidence from traders who do not give tips and who yet receive fair service. Any of our members who did indulge in any blackmailing practice would be dealt with quickly and sternly by his branch committee. It is believed by many that this allegation of widespread demands for gratuities is put about and used by many of the traders in order to deceive the income tax authorities. Certainly some traders have offered bribes in order to persuade the men to let them 'jump the queue'.

With regard to the complaint that lorries were left unloaded, I would remind Mr Dinswood that this occurred when vehicles had applied too late for loading and unloading within the terms of the Trade Agreement. The market closed at 5 p.m. It was the duty of all merchants to work within the terms of an agreement to which they were themselves a party, instead of sticking to the letter or breaking it with impunity, as it suited them from day to day. This habit breeds ill-will and bad labour-relations. It is significant that the refusal of men to work overtime was a rare event in the 'Garden'.

I do not want to argue about the claim that our job was done efficiently by office staff, but I must point out that most employers now admit that the market handled less than 50 per cent of normal trade during that period. This meant that none of the usual congestion impeded work. Moreover (of more concern to the merchants) it may be quite a long while before this trade returns.

Above all, let your readers bear in mind our willingness, in fact our demand, to have a full inquiry into all aspects of trading methods, prices, conditions and work in the market. This is the best way to safeguard the public's health and purse.

B. HOLLAND

Covent Garden, WC2

SEEING WHAT IT'S LIKE

SIR,—I have just returned from the World Youth Festival at Moscow, and have therefore only now read Mr Christopher Mayhew's letter. May I put forward another point of view? 1,500 young people from Britain spent two weeks in Moscow; of these, the overwhelming majority, like myself, were non-Communist—many were as bigoted against Communism and the USSR as the British Communists were blindly pro-USSR. We 'independents' went because it was a unique opportunity to see a little for ourselves of Russia and the Russians; now we can at least have our own ideas.

During the Festival, 30,000 young people were given complete freedom in Moscow, to walk and talk with anyone. Many of us, including myself, visited private homes, and political discussions and exchange of views continued late into every night. Walking in the streets, we were all surrounded by eager Russians of all ages, who asked numerous intelligent questions about Britain and our individual lives. Similarly, the British were able to ask Muscovites more about their way of life, and the answers were, I felt, surprisingly honest—particularly when discussions were held privately. We felt that many Russians are aware of defects in their system, and after the fortnight, their concepts of 'powerful capitalists controlling the working masses' became less exaggerated for having been able to learn direct of the lives of young British people.

It was obvious that the ordinary Russians are anxious to have direct contacts with people outside Communist countries, and we believe the Festival did a great deal to strengthen these feelings. I think we should encourage *all* political groups to attend such festivals, so that they would be more truly representative of all shades of thought. If we do not allow all our views to be represented, how can these people from Communist countries understand our point of view, and surely we are, by boycotting these meetings, perpetuating the Iron Curtain? How can a festival be part of the cold war, when it is encouraging all political opinions to stand up and speak (and this was certainly the case at Moscow)? I do not doubt that, by this direct contact between ordinary British and ordinary Russian youth, the latter now understand more clearly our feelings towards freedom and a way of life, etc. I think this was of more value than any number of broadcasts by 'Voice of America' or similar forms of western propaganda. The more non-Communist people who attend these meetings the better, for the most effective way to put forward our case is to meet Communists, and speak to them—not to put up a wall between us. If we do not want Communist-sponsored festivals, why don't we start holding international youth meetings in the West, then young Russians could come and see our way of life, first-hand!

Finally, Mr Mayhew suggests that 'no politically mature non-Communist will support it' (the Festival). But surely these are the very people who *should* go—they are sufficiently mature to withstand the Communist propaganda, and can more clearly express an alternative way of life and thought to other nations. I believe only a very negligible number of the British youth who went to Moscow were swayed at all politically—and these people were already almost convinced Communists before they left Britain. One or two would-be Communists I spoke to were in fact adversely influenced by what they found in the USSR. Those of us who are anti-Communist found more than sufficient faults in the Russian way of life to reinforce their feelings against it.

J. C. B.

London

PRESS SCANDAL

SIR,—Some readers of newspaper reports of the 'scandal-sheet' lawsuit proceedings in the United States may have had feelings of satisfaction that 'it could not happen here'. Recent events in the London news-gathering orbit discourage such optimism.

I was a fortuitously close observer of the techniques of 'following up' the suicide of a socially prominent person. I thought them not only disgraceful but pathetic. I do not believe that the proprietors of certain newspapers are aware of the defiance, in their name, of the codes of decency, not to say civility, by those who are sent out to get the news, who fear to go back without it, who will stoop to intimidation to get it and who, when every other device fails, will not scruple to invent it.

Working on the last chapters of the authorised biography of Lord Northcliffe, whose standards were higher than his critics have wished to believe, I pause to register a protest against practices which alienate public esteem from what is still a most essential, if no longer the most cherished, freedom of this land.

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THE MONARCHY

SIR, From a letter in your issue of 17 August, I learn with some surprise that the orderly and well-behaved Danes (witness the recent rock-and-roll riots) are offended because Queen Elizabeth did not visit Tivoli. I for one do not feel offended in the least and I have not met anyone here who does. If Her British Majesty wants to miss some fun why on earth should we take offence at that? On the other hand Danish schoolgirls at least enjoy very much going to Tivoli and even priggish ones have gone there quite unharmed. As to the assertion that Lord Altrincham's crime was abetted here I should think that it is rather a sweeping one. I should hate getting my face slapped next time I go to England and am unmasked as a Dane.

JENS AXELSEN

Thorupgaard Allé 5, Vanlose

SIR,—In order to see things in perspective may I suggest you run a 'nothing new under the sun' column. Here is an offering for it.

I crowded in and heard the King's speech to them; but he speaks the worst that ever I heard man in my life; worse than if he read it all, and he had it in writing in his hand.'

This is from Pepys' Diary, 5 April 1664.

JANET HITCHMAN

Cropley Grove
Newmarket

SIR,—As you have by now almost certainly remembered, George III was the son, not of George II, but of Frederick Prince of Wales—'Poor Fred'.

Far from being a dreary voluptuary, Poor Fred must have been an Englishman and a gentleman for he died playing cricket, hit on the head while fielding. He still holds the record of being the only Prince of Wales to have been killed by a ball struck by a left-handed batsman in a match in Vincent Square.

He was fielding, I imagine, in the gully to a right-hander, forgot to change over after a single and therefore met his untimely fate, suitably enough, at extra silly short fine leg.

GEORGE THORNHILL

67 Green Way
Chatham

NUCLEAR TESTS

SIR,—There are several indications that the government intends to carry out a further series of hydrogen bomb tests and it is therefore important that publicity should be given to any informed body of opinion which holds this policy to be mistaken.

A few weeks ago the following petition was sent to the Prime Minister:—

Considering that by a consensus of opinion among reputable scientists the radiation resulting from the testing of nuclear weapons involves grave genetical and physiological hazards to man and may result in hereditary changes of an unknown and possible dangerous character in other forms of life, we, the undersigned, urge the government to stop nuclear tests and to press for international agreement on this issue.

This petition bore the signatures of more than one hundred members of the academic staff of the University of Manchester. If a sufficient weight of public opinion can be brought to bear on the government it may yet be possible to change the present policy on the testing of nuclear weapons.

EDMUND L. SEYD

University of Manchester

PORTUGUESE SUICIDES

SIR,—One would expect A. F. De Almeida to be more diplomatic than to venture his own official version of the true circumstances in which the deaths of two political prisoners occurred in a Portuguese prison. While his absent press attaché could certainly have improved on his version, what appears to be sadly lacking in his embassy is a competent public relations officer.

The PRO would have little difficulty in convincing readers of the NEW STATESMAN that prisoners become voluntary police informers to avoid incarceration or obtain release. The desired objective achieved, they forthwith anticipate the enjoyment of their freedom thus won by deciding suicide is preferable to Portuguese freedom.

JOSEPH FLEMING

Great North Road
Welwyn, Herts

MR PUNCH

SIR,—Mr Francis Williams's very kind review of my *History of Punch*, for which I am extremely grateful, may give the impression that I accept the old picture of the paper as one of the duller national institutions. I hoped I had made it clear that the 'real' *Punch* was never marble Britannias or bounders falling off hunters or sneers at uneducated servant girls, though snobbish, pompous and feeble contributions often distracted attention from what was brilliant, inventive and gay.

Punch deserves to be judged, not by whether its editorial views in 1860 or 1920 were ahead of their time, but by its contribution to the minor arts of humorous drawing and writing. Neither Keene's drawings nor E. V. Knox's parodies, to take wildly different examples, have anything to do with the Establishment.

When I said that *Punch* after three years of its latest editor was more like the old *Punch* than it had been after three months of him I did not mean, as Mr Williams seems to imagine, that 'The Table' had succeeded in the macabre aim of making Malcolm Muggeridge tweedy. I simply meant that, after changing too much in order to be able to change enough, he had begun to study, understand and evaluate the kind of work in which the paper had been strongest when he took it over. My point was literary, not political.

R. G. G. PRICE

Lucastes Avenue
Haywards Heath

THE TRYWERYN SCHEME

SIR,—Mr R. J. Webster's letter on the Tryweryn scheme was informative. While reading previous correspondence I have wondered how much Welsh culture would really be inundated by the scheme.

Before the first world war, Bradford built two large reservoirs at the head of the Nidd Valley, destroying two farm houses to do so. They also built a compensation reservoir, thereby drowning a mansion which would probably have been derelict before now; but also giving a view from the surrounding hills comparable to that of a lakeland tarn, and affording a steadier flow of water in the Nidd than it ever had before. Local residents assert that ten visitors enter or traverse the upper Nidd valley to every one or two before the reservoirs were built; and that agricultural production in the valley is higher than ever as a result of improved roads and new ideas that have been introduced since.

Is it not possible that similar results would attend the Tryweryn scheme, especially if former slate workers and other unemployed North Welshmen could be persuaded to do the work instead of leaving it to Irish immigrants.

BRADFORDIAN

WYNDHAM LEWIS

SIR,—I am writing the life of the late Wyndham Lewis. I should be most grateful for the loan of letters and also for personal recollections. Needless to say, all care will be taken of material lent.

WALTER ALLEN

1 Sarlsdown Road
Exmouth, Devon

BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Dynamic Undercrust

THE Age of Faith looks well enough at a distance. Those great churches still dominate our minds and bewitch our senses, as they were meant to do, while the pestilent hovels which surrounded them, and the crushed bones on which they were built, have quietly rotted out of sight, and the voice of protest, if not silenced by fire and faggot, has long been drowned by the multitudinous murmurs of intervening time. How can the feeble shrill voices, the weak rash hands, the mad hysterical gestures of a few illiterate heretics compete for our attention against the great continuous aristocracy of the Christian Church, its popes and bishops, its schoolmen and doctors, its abbeys and cathedrals, its libraries, its images, its doctrine, its discipline, its liturgy, its lands?

How indeed? And yet it does. From every corner of the Christian world the voice of protest has never ceased to rise. Sometimes it has been the clear, simple voice of primitive Christianity, appealing to the original tradition of the Church, since betrayed; sometimes it has been the thick, troubled voice of desperate heresy, driven wild by the weight of oppression above it; but always it has drawn upon the same Biblical sources: the limpid gospels of Christ, the turbid eloquence of Ezekiel, Daniel and Revelation. These are the two well-springs, one clear and refreshing, the other thick and intoxicating, of European heresy. No wonder the Church has found the Bible an embarrassing document. No wonder it has tried to suppress the gospels and throw out the apocalypse. No wonder it has preferred to plug the abstruse doctrine of the Trinity, happily unintelligible in itself, unknown to Christ, and untainted by any mention in that misleading book.

Mr Norman Cohn's excellent work*, full of rich, fascinating, stimulating scholarship, is about the latter school of heretics, the millenarists. It is not complete, either in time or in space: the Byzantine iconoclasts are not here, nor the Spanish *beatas*; the English Saints have scant notice, the Swedish millenarists none. Even so, what a field he covers! In the eleventh century we have the enthusiasts of the Lower Rhine, rising against their lords, the bishops, and the Children's Crusades; in the twelfth, Joachim di Fiore in Calabria and the militant *Pastoureaux* in Flanders. These are followed by the Flagellants of thirteenth-century Italy, John Ball in fourteenth-century England, the Taborites of fifteenth-century Bohemia, the Anabaptists of sixteenth-century Germany, the Ranters of seventeenth-century England. Take any of these movements separately, and we feel we are in a madhouse. Here is Tanchelm, the prophet of twelfth-century Antwerp, distributing his bath-water among his disciples to be drunk as the Eucharist or bottled as a relic. Here are the European 'Tafurs' in Syria, disowned by the crusading knights, 'barefoot, shaggy, clad in ragged sackcloth, covered with sores and filth, living on roots and grass and also, at times, on the roasted corpses of their enemies'. Here are the Flagellants, scourging themselves rhythmically in *piazza* after *piazza*, with spiked thongs, and singing hymns while 'their blood spurted on to the walls and their bodies turned to swollen masses of blue flesh'. Here are the Bohemian Adamites, dancing naked round their fires and singing hymns of gleeful slaughter, for 'blood, they declared, must flood the world to the height of a horse's head'. Here is John of Leyden, messiah and king, surrounded by his costly court, 'dead to the world and the flesh' and therefore allowing himself every luxury in his famished city, besieged from without, terrorised from within. Singly, any such phenomenon would seem a unique human aberration; seen together, such a succession of them advertises their common features and demands a common explanation.

The common features are many. Some arise simply from their common source in the wilder parts of the Bible. Others have been inserted into the stream by later prophets. Such are the doctrines of the Free Spirit and the equalitarian golden age, the Letters of Heaven which were quoted to authorise many such movements, and the return of long dormant emperors – Constans, Charlemagne, Baldwin, Frederick II – which was promised to complete them. But others more probably arise from similarity of circumstance, and it is these similarities of circumstance which, though the least lurid, are perhaps the most interesting aspect of this subject: for they make it possible to construct or suggest something like a sociology of millenarism.

For millenarism does not occur at all times or in all places. It appears at particular conjunctures. Though rural millenarism is not unknown, the most significant cases are of urban origin. It was in the great capitalist cities of the Middle Ages – that is, in the textile and mining centres of, first, Italy and Flanders, then, South Germany and Westphalia – that such movements began, and, more particularly, when such industries were in decline or hit by those temporary disasters which the idealists of the Middle Ages so easily forget: famine, plague and war. It was in 1260, a year for which the apocalypse had been foretold, but which also followed famine, plague and incessant war, that the Flagellant movement was launched in Italy; it was in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, those centuries not only of religious mysticism but also of economic regression, Black Death and class-war, that the movement spread over Europe and the old doctrines of equality assumed a new messianic form, alarming to popes and princes alike; and it was in the seventeenth century, that other century of depression after the wonderful expansion of the Renaissance, that the English saints revived all the extravagances of their European predecessors. Millenarism, in fact, was a social movement. However theological its origin and its matter, it always turned, sooner or later, into a social revolt: the revolt of a depressed industrial proletariat against the Establishment which weighed down upon it and seemed to crush it.

And what was that Establishment? Always above them the poor starving weavers and miners, the victims or outcasts of society, saw that great, complacent, conservative, possessing institution, the Christian Church. If commerce and industry expanded, the Church was the greatest shareholder; if commerce and industry declined, the Church, as the greatest of landowners, advanced to replace it. Was this the Church of Christ, who had chastised the rich; the Church of the Apostles, who had pooled their poverty; the Church of the Fathers who – until it became established – had denounced the World? When there were reformers in the Church, in the twelfth as in the sixteenth century, the millenary zealots became their extremist allies; when there were none, they fell back on themselves. They would substitute themselves for the Church. They would take the sins of the world upon themselves. They would make themselves, by self-mutilation, the truer image of Christ crucified. And finally they would be the only and sufficient interpreters and mediators between God and man, they would judge the world and perhaps destroy it: they would be an Elect, beyond good and evil, dispensed from all authority, the pure to whom all things are pure. That millenarism should break out most violently among the proletariat of great episcopal cities is perfectly logical. That it should sometimes end in messianic dictatorship by egomaniac adventurers – a Tanchelm, a John of Leyden, a Major-General Harrison and, in our own days, a Hitler – is equally logical.

For millenarism has survived the merely religious establishment which gave it its old enemy and its old weapons and colour. The intellectual sources have now changed; but from newer, secular material the same social pressures, the same psychological needs, still create the same fearful pattern. A great slump in a highly industrialised country, a mounting resentment against a seemingly immutable establishment, the establishment of 'Versailles', gave the opportunity, in Germany, to a new prophet, a new élite, triumphant, like the old Tafurs or Taborites, over all the rules of ancient decency. The Hebrew prophets and zealots might be repudiated, but the new ingredients could be cooked up into the same old dish. There was the Third Empire, as prophesied by Joachim di Fiore; the Thousand Year Reich, established by blood, as proclaimed by the sixteenth-century 'revolutionary of the Upper Rhine'; the military conquest of the world, as demanded by the Bohemian Taborites and the English Fifth Monarchy Men. The European establishment sought to control Nazism, to humour, appease and digest it, just as the medieval Church sought to control the Flagellants; it went half-way to embrace it, as the Church, with its mendicant orders, had also done; but in the end, like the Church, it had to condemn, to crush, to destroy, and in destroying, to transform itself.

A good book is one which stimulates a few questions. Mr Cohn's book stimulates many. Is it true, as he suggests, that only Christendom has produced these movements? Or is it only that we know more about our own past? History is

* *The Pursuit of the Millenium*. By NORMAN COHN. *Secker & Warburg*. 42*s*.

a Western science and naturally it has been practised mainly on Western culture. But we must not rashly generalise. We know almost nothing, as yet, of the sociology of Islam. But if it is true, what is the reason? Does it really depend on doctrine and tradition, or is it that the Christian Church was richer and more oppressive than any other establishment which weighed on early capitalism? Has any other society ever borne such a crust as medieval Christendom? And is it true that modern Western civilisation is saved from messianism by its historical philosophy, whereas Germany and Russia succumbed to it because of theirs? I doubt it. Messianic radicalism does not rise out of the ruling philosophy, but from beneath it. The oriental sects in the ancient world, the Bahai movement in nineteenth-century Persia, like the Christian millenarists, manufactured their philosophies not in the light of orthodoxy but darkened beneath its crust; and their antidotes did not lie in orthodoxy but in their own alternatives, the messianic quietism into which they could be absorbed: the furious Taborites became quiet Bohemian Brethren, the roaring Anabaptists became, in England, demure Quakers, in Germany, demure Mennonites. And anyway, have we no millenarists beneath the surface in our rational West? We have Jehovah's Witnesses. Fortunately we have not, as yet, the circumstances which alone could make real their revolting millennium.

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

The Little Song of the Ashes

(In the form of a riddle)

Near the equator's metal rim

First son of the eldest king
Among his villages and his men
With their upright bones and black skin,
I, all white, was born

And killed my father.

A miserable child that must,
First thing, each day, be put
Out of the awakening house
On jobs that are short and humble,

To remove spots and scour the kettle.

And fools that have so little pain
It is their only valuable
Feed me to saints as a cure for joy.
Two thorns on a single bum.

They would do well to think of Carthage.

Now what is the warmer thing
Than the dense heart of the eldest king?
And I, its son, all white again, hang down
Quietly, quietly like a poisoned shell.

Cover the world. Ash falls from hell.

Thunder is born between two hills.
Thunder warns. It is because
I am a quiet one and love young bone
You must beware. So hide yourselves.

Count your horses. Keep your shilling.
Sleep alone.

CHRISTOPHER LOGUE

A Personal Mythology

Collected Poems: 1930-1955. By GEORGE BARKER. *Faber.* 18*s.*

The True Confession of George Barker. *Parton Press.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The central theme of Mr Barker's poetry was stated early; what he has written since merely serves to make it clearer. The development was not continuous; one section of this book is filled with repetitions, as if the imagery had come to a standstill. It is a curious imagery; it is as if an internal vision were trying to break outwards and become visible; the images do not make us see; sometimes we can only guess what they stand for. They are bright and opaque at the same time. This is true of a remarkable poem, 'Calamiterror', which appeared in 1937, and the distance Mr Barker has left it behind can be measured by turning to 'Goodman Jacksin and the Angel' in *A Vision of Gods and Beasts* which came out in 1954. The two poems deal with the same theme. This is from 'Calamiterror'.

> Between the ribs of the violent man
> Beats the red centre of the world of death.
> The ribs like branches hanging meat like leaves
> Makes the green tree red. Coiled in the ribs
> The embryos of life and death lie, one by one
> Ravaging a surgeon's groove of agony,
> Break from the belly, stand on the bloody thigh,
> Cockcrowing like man and babe and bird.

And this is from 'Goodman Jacksin and the Angel':

> And out of the horn rumpled sheet
> Where nightlong in their forking lock
> The hissing kissers slew and mock
> That image from which they were cast –
> Out of that fouled and rocking nest
> In which those justly outcast meet
> And mount like stray dogs in the street, –
> Out, out the innocent image steps.

The romantic imagery is gone, and the conflict between spirit and flesh, innocence and the horror out of which it comes – for that is horror as Mr Barker sees it – is laid bare. The theme is stripped clean, and the poetry achieves energy and bitterness.

What are we to think of the theme? That Mr Barker is a modern Manichee to whom the world is evil and the spirit a prisoner struggling to get free? There is certainly less 'calamiterror' in the later poem, simply because the issue has become clear. There is still terror when Mr Barker contemplates the way in which we came into the world and the way in which we shall leave it, and the loss of innocence long before that can happen. He has an extreme horror of the flesh, and at the same time the horror attracts him. It is a feeling which others have known, but it has rarely been described with such a combination of truth and despair. It admits of no reconciliation with life, one might think, yet there are moments of reconciliation in the poems, occasional recognitions of a blood-boltered glory. 'Calamiterror' evokes a sort of visceral and obstetric mythology, a Plutonian drama where the heart and the intestines and the generative organs are the actors, and life and death are the chorus. 'Goodman Jacksin and the Angel', on the other hand, is a vision of life; we can recognise it as such; and it has enough power to prevent us from questioning its validity. It reaches far, at any rate, beyond the life that the ordinary Goodman Jacksin knows. The fact that the poem is a dialogue gives it an objectivity which the earlier poems lacked, and helps to persuade us that the world it discusses is the actual world. No vision is complete, and this one does cast light on human experience from some infernal beam.

The True Confession of George Barker was omitted from the collected poems at the publishers' request. It seems a pity. The theme is the same as that of the two poems I have mentioned, and it is stated in a succession of moods, which gives it variety. Technically it is brilliant in fits and starts, fantastic and witty and shocking and flippant in turn; it is one of Mr Barker's best poems. One is as sorry for its omission as for the the inclusion of a great number of other poems (no poet can be so good and so extravagantly bad as Mr Barker). Some of these poems show his poetry at its worst: the empty word-weaving, the ineffectual images:

> Then at my face the shower of rain
> Stardusts me with a handful of its brilliants,
> Flecking my lashes like worlds.

Such things help to conceal the real virtues of this poetry.

Yet its interest does not lie in its technical skill, but in something more fundamental to poetry, its imaginative power. In that Mr Barker seems to me superior to any other poet of his generation.

EDWIN MUIR

A Sceptic at Large

The Opium of the Intellectuals. By RAYMOND ARON. Translated by TERENCE KILMARTIN. *Secker & Warburg.* 35*s.*

Raymond Aron is both clever and wise, a rare combination. He scores debating points with all the zest of an undergraduate, yet never loses sight of his cautious, sensible conclusion. He admires English ways – perhaps to excess; and in return we reward him by finding him as nearly sympathetic as a French writer can be. But he cannot altogether escape his national character. He assumes that all problems are already known to the reader, and comments allusively on them, much as a preacher might assume a knowledge of the scriptures. The title of his book is a case in point. Marx said that religion was the opium of the people. Marxism itself has become a religion, but it is the opium of the intellectuals. This is as smart a piece of dialectics as anything constructed by Marx himself. But the book does little to develop it. One might have expected a detailed examination of books by Marxist intellectuals, showing where their reasoning broke down and how Marxism puts them in blinkers. M. Aron remains abstract. He quotes one or two French fellow-travellers, though only to denounce them. He makes no attempt to analyse Marxism as a system of thought. M. Aron is a sociologist by profession; and this book confirms my suspicion that sociology is history with the history left out.

The truth is that French intellectual life is no longer suitable for export. M. Aron admits it. The only loophole he can find is that perhaps there are intellectuals of the French type left in Japan. Does anyone in this country still believe that revolutions are always splendid or that the victory of the proletariat is inevitable? On the contrary we are becoming reconciled to the idea that capitalism is doing splendidly and that with a few modest improvements we shall get rid of poverty altogether, much as President Hoover promised to do in 1928. M. Aron teases English Socialists with being too charitable towards Communism in other countries. We will have nothing to do with it here; yet we are all for the Popular Front

In France and Italy, and we even discover things to admire in the countries behind the Iron Curtain. This comes from our not being taught Cartesian philosophy at school. The contradictions of real life do not worry us. French intellectuals see only black and white. M. Aron for instance knows that Communist rule is a tyranny; therefore, he refuses to recognise anything good in it. The fellow-travellers on the other hand know that it has great achievements to its credit; therefore, they refuse to recognise any faults.

M. Aron's intellectual approach has a curious consequence. He does not mind political criminals but he cannot bear muddled thinking. He believes that the Communists know what they are doing just like Renaissance Cardinals. They are scamps who have adapted the motto of Leo X: 'Since Marx has given us the revolution, let us enjoy it'. Nothing wrong in that. But the fellow-travellers, from Sartre to the worker-priests, are actually trying to reconcile Communism and intellectual honesty: This is mortal sin. M. Aron himself believes only in scepticism. He wants to see the end of ideologies and looks forward to a world in which nobody believes anything, a world of universal tolerance, where every solution is regarded with equal indifference. But this too is a Utopia. To hope that everyone will one day be as sensible as M. Aron is the last and greatest of the intellectual myths.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

Local Girl Makes Good

The Life and Work of Harriet Martineau. By VERA WHEATLEY. *Secker & Warburg.* 35*s.*

'My life', wrote Harriet Martineau, 'has had no Spring.' Lying on her sofa in Tynemouth, the invalid was reliving the experience of childhood in her parents' home at Norwich; only to discover as she did so that emotions and memories long overlaid had 'revived in an inexplicable way, – as by a flash of lightning over a far horizon in the night'. By the grace of this inner illumination she was able to recapture, and with a singular vivacity, the most evanescent feature of her own childhood, from her first independent footstep to the terrors, passions and resentments that, like the show of the eight Kings in *Macbeth*, now passed in turn before the fixed eye of introspection.

The woman on the sofa, thirty-eight years old and one of the most celebrated writers of her day, contemplated across the years the events of her own past life. She saw a plain, sickly, unloved child to whom everyday objects were so highly charged with menace that she had 'scarcely any respite from the terror'. Nightly, little Harriet suffered from the fear that the sky would come down and 'stifle and crush me, and rest upon my head'; at the seaside, the holes in the jetty caused sickness and terror; the sight, on the wall, of the white circle of a magic lantern brought on diarrhœa. There was an occasion, too, when the child sought the big carving knife in the kitchen, in order to cut her own throat. All this while, her jealousy of her sister, Rachel, was acute: on one occasion, when Rachel was given a copy of Gay's *Fables* bound in red and gold, little Harriet 'stood with bursting heart, beating my hoop, and hating everybody in the world': after which episode, she 'always hated Gay's *Fables*, and for a long time could not abide a red book'.

Harriet Martineau was born without the sense either of taste or smell. Some years later, she was to show the first signs of oncoming deafness. About this time, Harriet had a friend, a little girl referred to as E., who was very lame. The doctors decided that her leg must be amputated.

> Being a quiet-tempered child, and the limb being exceedingly wasted by disease, she probably did not suffer much under the operation. However that might be, she met the occasion with great courage, and went through it with remarkable composure, so that she was the talk of the whole city. I was naturally very deeply impressed by the affair. It turned my imagination far too much on bodily suffering, and on the peculiar glory attending fortitude in that direction. I am sure that my nervous system was seriously injured, and especially that my subsequent deafness was partly occasioned by the exciting and vainglorious dreams that I indulged in for many years after my friend E. lost her leg. All manner of deaths at the stake and on the scaffold, I went through in imagination, in the low sense in which St Theresa craved martyrdom; and night after night, I lay bathed in cold perspiration till I sank into the sleep of exhaustion.

Unmistakably, the slant here is *du côté de chez Freud*: to the modern reader, indeed it will appear that what, in these prolonged sessions on her sofa, Harriet Martineau had achieved was nothing less than a spontaneous self-analysis. This feat, combined with the Britannic phlegm of one who, at Beyt-el-Weller, could undertake, with soap and water, vigorously to spring-clean two of the wall-figures at the rock-temple there, gives the early pages of the *Autobiography* exceptional interest.

The first two volumes take us up to 1855; at which point, believing herself to be mortally ill, Harriet requested her American friend, Mrs Weston Chapman, to complete the story of her life. The drop in interest, at this point, is precipitate: nor, lacking Harriet's letters, is the interest likely ever wholly to be recaptured. It is pleasant, however, to find Miss Martineau, at fifty-three, enjoying the tranquillity and happiness of her own home at Ambleside, where, surrounded by devoted friends and servants, and provided with that 'substantial, laborious and serious occupation' which at all times was the mainstay of her existence, she could not but feel that, in all probability, she was 'the happiest single woman in England'. Her life, she told Monckton Milnes, had begun with winter: it seemed to her now to be 'ending with Spring'.

So much interest, enthusiasm and goodwill have gone into the making of Mrs Wheatley's biography that the task of dwelling on its imperfections must seem a singularly surly one. Unfortunately, however, the author has done herself, through carelessness, a singular disservice. In her hands, for example, *Domestic Manners of the Americans*, becomes – hit or miss – *Domestic Manners in America;* while to another book Mrs Wheatley has given a title all of her own creation: *Letters of the Brownings*. Matters of minor importance; but calculated, nevertheless, to undermine the confidence of the reader. Sceptical of that reader's ability to understand English, Mrs Wheatley has the unkind habit of snaring attention with the trip-wire of inessential footnotes: let John Murray speak of Miss Martineau's 'presumptuous and immature decision' and, quick as lightning, Mrs Wheatley is explaining to the class that 'immature here means premature or untimely'. Mention of Harriet's Sanitary lectures draws forth the comment that 'in Harriet's day the word conveyed the meaning "appertaining to health", rather than, as in our own day, being concerned with appliances, disinfectants, etc'. *Jane Eyre*, wrote Lockhart, 'was worth fifty Trollopes'. Footnote: 'Meaning of course, Frances Trollope's novels'.

That Mrs Wheatley's style is a highly idiosyn-

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cratic one is a fact early made plain to the reader. Thus, commenting on Harriet Martineau's interest in various religions of the East – 'She longed', writes Mrs Wheatley, 'to understand, to be able to bottom them all'. In assessing the multiple facets of Harriet's personality, Mrs. Wheatley, too – in an uneven but singularly enjoyable book – has largely succeeded in her attempt to bottom them all.

BETTY MILLER

New Novels

Up and About. By JOHN COWPER POWYS. *Macdonald.* 15*s.*

The City of the Living. By WALLACE STEGNER. *Hammond, Hammond.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The District Officer. By MICHAEL KITTERMASTER. *Constable.* 15*s.*

Orchard of the Furies. By L. STENI. *Heinemann.* 15*s.*

Mr Cowper Powys's new book, which consists of two long short stories, is a rum piece of work. I felt, while I was reading it, as if I were making it up myself in my sleep; and since I dozed off once or twice, I may indeed have made up some of it. But there *are* in fact in the first story two characters called Org and Asm (he a benevolent Beast, created by vivisectionists, she Beauty). The two more human characters are called Gor Goginog and Rhitha, and on a green fragment of Mother Earth left spinning after the bombs go off the four decide that this sorry scheme of things had better be brought to an end. They abolish Time, and greedy Eternity then swallows dead Time, and then itself. They converse with Mathonwy, Aldebaran, Kwangtze, and Buddha, and overhear a long and remarkably unilluminating conversation between God and the Devil. Then all characters divine, preternatural, semi-human and human take a leap into Nothingness, but non-existence does little to stem Mr Powys's narrator's flow of words. The second story set on the Moon, with characters, mostly kings, princes and princesses, sages and gods, called Yorlt, Rorlt, Horlt, Oom, Yoom, and so on – and phallic clubs, out of *Jurgen*, called Ob and Blob – is more frankly and disarmingly a fairy tale. The total effect is like a mixture of Edgar Rice Burroughs, M. P. Shiel, James Branch Cabell, and Mr Powys; or possibly it is like science-fiction, without the science. The redeeming qualities of the book for me are the wild arrogance of its improvisations and the sly Welsh fun with which Mr Powys often pricks his own balloons. I imagine that those who have a natural taste for fantasy, as I haven't, might like these queer tales quite a lot.

There are no fantasies in Mr Stegner's collection of short stories. He is a remarkably competent writer in Mrs Leavis's B bracket: the middlebrow with literary pretensions. (His stories originally came out in periodicals like *Harper's Magazine, Mademoiselle,* or *Woman's Day;* not in periodicals like *Partisan Review.* There is a basic sentimentality which a consciously sophisticated technique cannot quite cover up. For instance in the first story a boy has quit college to be with his no-good father whom his recently dead mother kept on the straight and narrow path. Dad is now running a pool-room and keeping a mistress who uses cheap scent. The boy shoots some ducks, and there is a duck feast over which father and son just might really get to know each other. But the boy, who has been full of hatred for his father, suddenly realises that the old man is so mortally wounded by his wife's death that there is nothing he, or anyone else, can do to help. He says good-bye, but not angrily as he had expected to. 'He said it like a cry, and with the feeling he might have had on letting go the hand of a friend too weak and too exhausted to cling any longer to their inadequate shared driftwood in a wide cold sea.' That sentence rubs the point in too hard; just as Mr Stegner rubs in his symbolism too hard (the dead blue-winged teal, that stands for the dead woman, because she used to paint blue wings on white china) and his typically American trick of expressive inarticulacy in dialogue; the bones of the technique stick out. But these are readable and warm-hearted stories. The best one is about two extremely understanding American parents and their difficult daughter; it is at once its strength among the other stories, and an indication of a basic weakness in its author, that the reader feels he understands more clearly than Mr Stegner just why the daughter not only wants to, but has to, get away from the nice parents.

Mr Kittermaster's hero is a bit like Mr Greene's Scobie in *The Heart of the Matter,* without the mortal sin. He is a District Commissioner bedevilled by a weak boss, a representative of the White settlers who wants him to decide a tribal boundary dispute in a way that will help settlers' expansion, a drunken and inefficient subordinate, a nagging and snobbish wife, cunning nationalist agitators, and as a crowning and perhaps unnecessary piece of agony, an imbecile child at home. He sticks to his principles, but also obeys orders that stop him carrying them out efficiently, and in the end five people are murdered. His higher-ups try to make him carry the can, and I did myself feel that there were a number of points in the story at which one would have expected from him a little less stiff upper-lip and a little more decisive action; but it all doesn't lead to suicide as in Scobie's case but merely to posting to another district without loss of rank. Excellent for atmosphere, and as a 'documentary'. In fact, Mr Kittermaster's novel does rather fall down just as a story.

Mr Steni's novel is a depressing study of Polish displaced persons in the French Zone of Germany shortly after the Second World War. One Pole, Taddeuz Vanek, seems to be a more vigorous and interesting character than his other compatriots, but it turns out that during the war he worked for the Nazis in the nastiest way, and in the end he is found out. Mr Steni conveys the glumness and boredom of the displaced condition, the sullenness of the conquered Germans, almost too successfully. One feels that every episode in his book could have happened, but that does not make it a good novel. Much of real life is a kind of sad half-living; but that dullness has somehow – by intensifying, by condensing, by satirising – to be transformed in fiction into something else. Like Mr Kittermaster, Mr Steni is too faithful to 'life'.

G. S. FRASER

Children of Woe

Whitgift and the English Church. By V. J. K. BROOK. *English Universities Press.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Arbella Stuart. By P. M. HANDOVER. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 30*s.*

The Wealth of Five Northamptonshire Families, 1540-1640. By MARY E. FINCH. *Northamptonshire Record Society.* 30*s.*

Puritanism in the Period of the Great Persecution, 1660-1688. By G. R. CRAGG. *Cambridge.* 30*s.*

'The fashion just now,' wrote Saki – in 1904 – 'is a Roman Catholic frame of mind with an agnostic conscience: you get the medieval picturesqueness of the one with the modern conveniences of the other.' Some time earlier, John Wilson Croker had declared: 'Westminster Abbey is part of the British Constitution'. Both statements, in their different ways, show the essentially domesticated, house-trained character of religion in England; both are only fully understandable in the context of the English Reformation. Today, when to some outsiders the Anglican Church – except in South Africa – looks placid rather than militant, it's well worth remembering the struggles and uncertainties of its emergence. Few worthwhile things are achieved without conflict; and their preservation may sometimes depend upon remembrance of their heroic era, the time of danger and suffering. These four books help to explain that era, and warn us that earlier generations faced problems as harrowing as our own.

The Rev V. J. K. Brook's concise study of Whitgift is a useful addition to the 'Teach Yourself History' series, whose aim is to treat major historical themes by means of key biographies. Whitgift's career, from 1530 to 1604, spans the critical years of the Elizabethan settlement: but he himself is a rather colourless figure on that turbulent stage. Macaulay was probably unkind and inaccurate when he called him a 'narrow-minded, mean and tyrannical priest'; yet 'the champion of authority and the established order', Mr Brook's description, seems nowadays little more flattering, especially from a Fellow of All Souls. What one has to remember, of course, is the precarious plight of 'authority' when Whitgift first wielded it, and the power vacuum,

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political as well as ecclesiastical, that he helped to fill. *Whitgift and the English Church* gives a sound brief account of the process: its chapters on the Reformation in Cambridge, in particular, suggest several fields for further inquiry.

The dangers of a power vacuum were never clearer than towards the end of Elizabeth's reign, when only paint and Providence seemed to preserve her semblance of perpetual middle-age. Arbella Stuart, the 'child of woe' of the ballads, suffered as cruelly as anyone in the chancy intrigues provoked by such uncertainty. Born in 1575, a descendant of Henry VII and the niece of Darnley, she was cousin to James VI of Scotland, and nine years his junior. Her grandmother, moreover, was the extraordinary Bess of Hardwick – shrewd, ambitious, forceful, a past-mistress of the arts of personal advancement. Under her care, Arbella was groomed like a starlet for high places, and gradually became the focus of Catholic designs on the throne. Unlike Lady Jane Grey, she remained only a potential claimant; and there is no evidence that she wished to be even that. But at the age of thirty she committed the political enormity of marrying William Seymour, also related to Lady Jane and descended from Henry Tudor. For this she was imprisoned in the Tower with her husband, where she died in 1615. Her story is the pathetic one of innocence mixed up in high politics; and although Arbella herself seems not to have been an especially fascinating figure, Miss Handover's painstaking biography, rich in excellent portraits, brings out the pathos very well. Her account of the shifting interests surrounding Arbella sometimes smacks of the card-index: but it expounds very clearly and in great detail the immense conglomeration of dynastic and religious intrigue.

How far, on a less exalted level, the religious controversies of the Reformation affected personal fortunes is still partly a matter of guesswork. How far, for instance, did recusancy penalties determine the fate of a Catholic family such as the Treshams, gradually ruined, and finally extinguished in 1643? This was the starting-point of Dr Finch's exhaustive inquiry into *The Wealth of Five Northamptonshire Families*, a Cambridge Ph.D. thesis now published in full with a masterly preface by Professor H. J. Habakkuk. The other four families here examined – the Ishams, the Spencers, the Fitzwilliams, and the Brudenells – were all on the way up: but Dr Finch delicately skirts a celebrated controversy between Professor Trevor-Roper and Mr Laurence Stone, to show that the Treshams' religion was only one of the causes of their downfall. The state of agriculture, the terms of credit, family settlements, fecundity, and, above all, personal character – these, she concludes, were the major factors determining family fortunes.

Only in times of active persecution, in fact, did religion play the dominant role. But unfortunately the English Church took many years to settle down into tolerance of its Catholic and Puritan rivals. The Puritan excesses of the Commonwealth period, especially, redoubled intolerance against the ecclesiastical left. In his new study, successor of *From Puritanism to the Age of Reason*, Dr G. R. Cragg has traced the grim but inspiring history of the persecution which followed the return of the Stuarts, notably 'when royal James obtained the crown'. Few of the dissenters were willing to follow in the tortuous footsteps of the Vicar of Bray: Baxter, Fox, and Bunyan were hardly men of that stamp. Writing, as it seems, from the Puritans' own viewpoint, Dr Cragg clearly finds them sympathetic: he omits some of the historical reasons for their unpopularity, as well as their fierce sectarian differences and the ruthless self-righteousness that emerged more gruesomely in Puritan New England. Like Miss Handover, he banishes his footnotes to the back of the volume: but despite his partisanship, and despite this nod to the gallery, his scholarship equals his readability. Ending on the eve of toleration, his book paints an ambivalent picture of one of the last major upheavals in the English Reformation. His last sentence nicely balances one's almost equal feelings of relief and of regret. 'The twilight of Puritanism', he says, 'did not give way to darkness, but it was clearly the prelude to a more prosaic day.'

RICHARD MAYNE

Gramophone Records

PERHAPS Haydn's idyllic version of *The Seasons* fosters in the city-dweller an unduly Rousseauesque image of the happy peasant in his Garden of Eden. But I am sorry for sophisticates who dismiss as naive a work so full of happiness and thanksgiving. DGG have issued a performance by the Berlin Radio Orchestra and Choir, together with the Choir of St. Hedwig's Cathedral, under Ferenc Fricsay, that falls slightly below his *Creation*. This is due mainly to soloists who, apart from Walter Ludwig's stylishly sung Lucas, are not quite first class. Josef Greindl improves on a heavy, untidy opening; but although Elfride Trötschel sings affectingly, her voice is pinched on top and lacks variety of colour. The choir is perhaps a bit small for some of the more massive choruses and it does not always compensate for lack of weight by exceptional clarity. The outstanding feature of the performance is the excel-

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WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD

lently balanced and sensitive orchestral playing. Fricsay at moments lacks robustness and here and there tends to draw out a slow passage unduly, but in the main this is a most acceptable recording. The general standard of the sound is high, but the tone tends to coarsen in 'Summer'.

I do most strongly commend to anyone looking for a coupling of two Haydn Symphonies an excellent Columbia recording of the Alessandro Scarlatti Orchestra (presumably of Naples?) playing the Symphonies No. 86 and 92 (*The Oxford*). The first thing that strikes the ear about these performances is their extraordinarily clean texture: all the parts tell splendidly, and the woodwind in particular show up in a fashion that is all too rare in recordings of classical orchestral music. The result is that when a flute or oboe enters there is no vague feeling of a strand being added to a mush of sound, but a quite precise alteration of orchestral texture such as the composer had in mind. The conductor, Franco Caracciolo, takes the minuets and trios a bit overdeliberately, so that they end by becoming ponderous. But in every other way these seem to me model performances, crisp, sensitively phrased and with each movement beautifully built up. Both finales are, in particular, an absolute joy.

Bruno Walter's performances with the New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra of Symphonies No. 96 and 102 have a great deal to offer. Tempi are persuasive, rhythms lively and the phrasing glorious. In particular, Walter brings out the dimensions of the great B flat Symphony (No. 102), even if in the process he gives the adagio an almost Beethovenian intensity. But the string section is clearly very large and the woodwind get soaked in a way that deprives the music of its proper orchestral colouring, while the violins often overwhelm the inner string parts. The result are performances more impressive in whole than in detail. The Philips recording is good.

Philips has recently issued four Mozart Symphonies conducted by Bruno Walter. No. 25 in G minor and 28 in C major are paired on a ten-inch disc, and No. 35 in D major (*The Haffner*) and 40 in G minor on a twelve-incher. Apart from an overlarge string band I much enjoyed his graceful and bouyant handling of the C major. It is of course all on the sweet side, as you would expect from Walter, but in the adagio sheer distinction of phrasing saves sweetness from degenerating into sugariness. The little G minor is rather less successful. I like Walter's characteristically broad, vigorous handling of the opening allegro, but he spoils the general effect by one or two unconvincing changes of tempo, and in the slow movement the texture is thick and the woodwind backward.

The big G minor is one of Walter's lifelong loves, and his performance is all too affectionate. There is of course a great deal of beauty in it and it would be silly and presumptuous to dismiss the mature offering of so great a Mozartian. But there are too many passages where Walter hugs and embraces the music as though he could not bear to let it go. In *The Haffner* there are again too many strings, but the playing of the New York Philharmonic is so precise and the phrasing so finely handled that there is no feeling of ungainliness. But the trio is given an undue weight of sentiment and the rather over-brilliant string tone becomes positively shrill towards the end of the slow movement. On the whole I prefer an excellent Decca recording of a performance by Carl Schmicht and the Vienna Philharmonic. His allegro is hardly *con spirito*, but thereafter everything is finely judged and played. This is coupled with an absolutely ravishing performance of Schubert's *Unfinished Symphony*.

The performances Jochum and his admirable Bavarian Radio Orchestra give on DGG of the Mozart Symphonies No. 33 in B flat and 36 in C major (*The Linz*) are of a high order. After Walter, he may seem disconcertingly relaxed. But the easy grace he imparts to the B flat Symphony and sensitive and unexaggerated phrasing make for a singularly pleasing performance. Balance and recording are excellent. Jochum's relaxed approach makes the first movement of *The Linz* sound a trifle insubstantial, but the phrasing in the slow movement is superb (the strings rival those of the Vienna Philharmonic) and the finale is handled with enormous ease. Bad surface noise on my copy and rather backward oboes spoilt an otherwise first-class recording.

In spite of fine playing by the Berlin Radio Orchestra Fricsay's approach to the Symphony No. 29 in A Major is finicky and occasionally mannered. There is nothing of this in Clara Haskil's approach to the F major Concerto (K 459) on the reverse of the disc. On the contrary, her playing is immaculately clean and unaffected, and she sets a wonderful, onward-looking pulse running through the music, while her apparently strict and unromantic playing is imbued with deep feeling and sense of continuity. Fricsay's sympathetic accompaniment is rhythmically a trifle less resolute, but with good balance and recording this must be counted an unusually satisfying performance.

After this I naturally turned to Haskil's performance of the E flat (K271), D minor (K466) and A major (K488) concertos with high expectations. Alas! the Philips recordings are hopelessly thick and lacking in perspective and the accompaniments are at best pedestrian and at worst utterly undistinguished. Poor recording rules out a very acceptable if rather light-weight performance of the A major by Ingrid Haebler on Vox: the strings are so shrill that they can only be damped by completely blanketing the piano. This is a loss because the reverse side contains the only recording of the early and attractive D major concerto (K175) and a rondo (K382) in the same key, both well performed by Haebler, passably accompanied and with rather less shrill string tone. So far as the A major concerto is concerned, the best of recent offerings is on a well-recorded ten-inch DGG disc, on which Monique Haas, well accompanied by the Berlin Philharmonic under Leitner, gives a crystalline and elegant performance. But she is a bit superficial in the glorious slow movement, and Solomon's performance on a twelve-inch HMV, coupled with the C minor concerto (K491) remains my preference.

Backhaus, accompanied by the Vienna Philharmonic under Böhm, approaches the B flat concerto (K595) in a somewhat romantic manner. At first I thought his constant shifts of tempi insupportable, but the more I listened the more aware I became of a pulse running through everything he does. I still think that his tampering with tempi finally diminishes the stature of the first movement, but the other two are beautifully handled, and indeed the rondo is an example of how to maintain impetus without rigidity. Accompaniment and recording are very good and the disc also contains an attractively warm yet reserved performance of the A major Sonata (K331).

On a well-recorded RCA disc Benny Goodman plays both the Clarinet Quintet and the Clarinet Concerto. This is good value, but neither performance is more than decent. The quintet comes off better, for Goodman is here not tempted to force his tone. But in both works he is curiously prosaic. Munch's conducting of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in the concerto is lucid but fea-

tureless and negative. The Flute Quartet in D (K285) and the Oboe Quartet in F (K370) are each conveniently available on a little Philips EP. The former is delightfully played, but the oboe quartet is better done on a twelve-inch Telefunken, which also contains the Flute Quartet. Here both soloists are good and the Kehr Trio play sensitively. But the disc is a bit expensive unless you want some mildly attractive but insubstantial Schubert rondos on the other side.

Some eighteen months ago I wrote with enthusiasm of a superlative account of the E flat Quintet for Piano and Wind (K452) performed on HMV by Gieseking and members of the Philharmonia. Decca has now turned out an equally fine performance by members of the Vienna Octet. This gains on a better oboeist, slightly more concentrated ensemble, deeper feeling in the larghetto, and a truer recording of the piano; it loses on a less appealing clarinetist and a pianist who can hardly rival Gieseking. I just prefer the Vienna performance if only because it is attractively coupled with the lovely and too little heard Trio (K498) for clarinet, viola and piano. This gets a finely conceived and beautifully balanced performance, but the clarinetist's tone may be excessively reedy for some tastes.

On Vox Horenstein conducts the Vienna Symphony Orchestra (transformed out of all recognition from the body that accompanies Clara Haskil so indifferently) and the choir of the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde in an extremely fine performance of the *Requiem Mass*. Although the recording is not as spacious as it might be, Horenstein makes every detail, choral and instrumental, tell in a manner that is rare in recordings of choral music, and he imparts a splendid sense of shape and purpose to his phrasing. The distinguished soloists are good, especially in ensemble; and although Weber and Höngen are not always quite steady, Lipp and Murray Dickie (who sounds rather backward) sing with a splendid sense of line. I was astonished to see this performance described as 'operatic' and the soloists primly reprimanded for an inadequate sense of propriety. It is indeed dramatically vivid and intended as such. For better or for worse, there is no sharp stylistic dividing line between Viennese sacred and secular music of the eighteenth century, and thus no need for conductor or soloists to behave as though a sense of drama were profane or the full splendour of the human voice a sinful noise. The disc is sold in a special album with a lengthy and scholarly essay by Robbins Landon. This would be admirable had it not raised the usual price by something like 50 per cent.

PETER HEYWORTH

Week-end Competition

No. 1,435 **Set by Scythrop**

Joan of Arc heard voices in the church bells. The usual prizes are offered for an imaginary message in verse (limit 8 lines) from any one of the following: the division bell of the House of Commons; a fire engine's bell; the Lutine Bell at Lloyd's; a cow bell; the telephone bell. Entries by September 10.

Result of No. 1,432 **Set by Psmith**

The Prussians are a warlike race,
Yet agriculture will embrace;
When peace forbids the sword and shield
They cultivate the harvest field.

So runs a rhyme in a Victorian children's book. Competitors are invited to compose such four-line rhymes about any country today.

Report

This entry should have been passed for correction to 'Current Affairs' classes throughout England, and the winning entries then handed on from generation to generation, like the best mnemonics. The judges would certainly have rejected the over-sophisticated, ultra-topical rhymes – with intricate word play on China and the hundred flowers, or quips about Lord Altrincham and the Queen or Kingsley Amis and Wales – and also the dully simple tags. (There's nothing wrong with one-syllable words, but they have to be skilfully handled to make their effect.)

Prizes of a guinea each to John Thornton and T. A. Howell and half a guinea each to the others printed. Runners-up: David Grantley, R. A. Robertson, Elspeth, Silvia Tatham, Squiff, J. H. Smith, R. F. Mountjoy, Hazel Archard and C. R. Mann.

The Swedish are a neutral race,
Their social life is full of grace;
They often call their peaceful patch
The Kingdom of the Safety Match.

JOHN THORNTON

The Saudi Sheiks pay little tax
But ride about in Cadillacs.
Their life was bleak and full of toil
Until the infidels struck oil.

T. A. HOWELL

Mamma, in Russia, mans a crane,
Great aunts build dams, or harvest grain,
While Grandmamma, at eighty-three,
A gallant General may be!

H. C. S. RAE

A Russian who believes in God
We're apt to think a trifle odd.
Do Russians ask who made the Volga,
Mum, and dad, and little Olga?

H. HARDMAN

Where Paddy's shamrock grows so fair,
There's wrath and holy tumult there:
They'd wear the green till Heaven fell,
But 'wear' an Ulster? Will they hell!

ANN HARDMAN

The Greeks do nothing in excess:
Extremists give the Greeks distress,
Who take Enosis every day
To keep the doctrinaires away.

G. McD. WILSON

Peruvians, their wealth t'increase,
Remain consistently at peace
(When not engaged in making war
Upon their neighbour Ecuador).

HONEY

A hardy, thrifty, mountain breed,
Alert to tourists' every need,
The Swiss give thanks to Cooks and Poly
For bringing in the English lolly.

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

The Chess Board: No. 407. Finding the Last Resource

Since many of my correspondents seem to have a predilection for a study to look like a real endgame they should be equally pleased with this actual game-position which may well serve as a ready-made endgame study. The position (Pape-Roth, 1924), was reported by Paul Schlensker in *Schach-Echo*, and before reading on, it might be useful to have another good look at the diagram and to find White's clever resource in saving what seems a hopelessly lost game. He played (1) P-Q6!!, forcing . . . PxP; now if he pushed his RP at once Black could kill him easily enough by . . . P-Q6, followed by . . . B-Kt8. Hence, (2) K-Q3!!, BxP; (3) P-R5, P-Q4; (4) P-R6, B-Kt1; (5) P-R7!, BxP. The stalemate may well be a last resource, but to spot its possibilities in the diagram-position is not quite easy; nor is it in an interesting study by the Rumanian composer F. Farago (1952). /1R6/ 8/ r7/ PpK3k1/ 1p5b/ 1p3R2/ 5p2/ 8/. Obviously RxKtP is defeated by . . . RxP; hence (1) RxBP, BxR ch; (2) KxP(b4), B-B4 ch!; (3) KxB (best, since KxP is countered by . . . R-R1!), P-Kt7; (4) KxP! (RxP of course, being defeated by . . . RxP), R-R1!; (5) RxR, P—Q ch; (6) K-R6!, Q-Q6 ch; (7) K-Kt6, Q-Q3 ch; (8) K-R7!(Kt7?), Q-B4 ch; (9) K-R6, K-B3; (10) R-QKt8, K-K2; (11) R-Kt7 ch, K-Q1; (12) R-Kt8 ch, K-Q2; (13) R-Kt7 ch, K-B1; (14) R-Kt8 ch! etc. Now look at this position. /2kr4/ 1ppb1pp1/ 1b4r1/ pP2p3/ P3P3/ 5qKtP/ 2Q2P1P/ 3RB1KR/. This happened in 1897, and who would have suspected an immediate stalemate chance on so crowded a board? Who but the great Troitzky who played White and had a pretty surprise for his opponent, triumphant after . . . BxRP and quickly sobered by RxR ch, followed by Q-Q1 ch. Here (H. Müller, 1935), is another instructive example of an opportunity readily grasped. /1K6/ 3k4/ P7/ 2bKt4/ 24/ r7/. White, of course, is hopelessly lost; no, not quite hopelessly, for after P-R7 Black slipped up by taking the P with the R, and after Kt-Kt6 ch was reduced to the painful alternative of either losing his R or stalemating his opponent. And here (Giertz-Günther, 1943), is another example of the last resource usefully employed. /6r1/ kp6/ pQ1p4/ P2P4/ 1KR5/ 1P6/ 6p1/q7/. After . . . K-Kt1 White might have resigned, but Black, unwilling to allow him a last 'spite-check' blundered by . . . K-R1, whereupon R-B8 ch, followed by QxKtP ch cost him ½ point.

A: Lottini 1956

Being in the key of the theme-song the 4-pointer should be a gratuity for the merest tyro. In an easily won position White blundered away ½ point by QxP. Why? **B** should be a bargain for 6 ladder-points with the useful hint that it is the fairly rare case of a Plachutta in a stalemate-study. **C** (for 7 points) is also a stalemate study, and a very pretty one too. Usual prizes. Entries by 9 Sept.

B: N. Nyeviczkey 1952

C: Olbrich Duras 1929

REPORT on No. 403. Set August 3

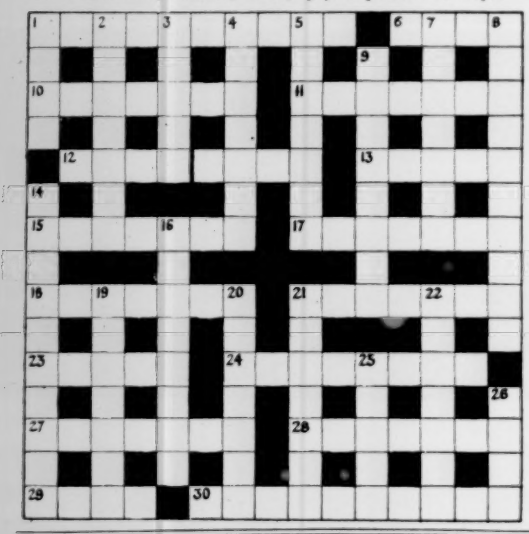
A: (1) K-K2, K-Kt4; (2) K-B3, K any; (3) K-K4, K-Kt4; (4) K-B5, K any; (5) K-K6, K-Kt4; (6) K x P, K-R5; (7) K-K5, K-Kt4; (8) K x P, K-R5; (9) K-B5.
B: (1) Kt-B7 ch, B x Kt; (2) R-K6 ch, B x R; (3) P-Q4 ch, Kt x P; (4) B-Q6 ch, P x B; (5) Q-B6 ch, Kt x Q; (6) Kt x KtP ch, Q x Kt; (7) P-B4 mate.
C: (1) B-B4, K-Kt2; (2) B x P, K-B3; (3) B-B8, K-K4; (4) B-K7, K-Q3 (best); (5) B-B6 ch, K-B4; (6) B-K5, K-Kt3; (7) B-Kt8, K-B4; (8) B-R7 ch, K-Q3; (9) B-QKt6, K-K4; (10) B-B5, K-B3; (11) B-Q6, K-Kt2; (12) B-K7 etc.
If (9) . . . K-K2; (10) B-B7 etc.
D: (1) Kt-R6 ch, B-Kt4; (2) B-B7 ch R-K3; (3) Q-Kt4, P-B3; (4) Q-K4, P-Kt5; (5) K-K3, P-Kt6; (6) K-Q4, P-Kt7; (7) Q-K2! P=Q or R or Kt; (8) Q-K3 or Q1 or B3 ch etc. If (1) . . . B-Kt2; (2) B-Q1 ch, R x B; (3) Q-B3 ch, R-Q6; (4) Q-B7 ch, R-Q4; (5) R x P, P-Kt5; (6) K-Kt1, P-Kt x 6; (7) Q-B3 ch, R-Q6; (8) Q-Q1 ch, R x Q mate.
E: (1) B-B6 (thr. mate by Kt-Kt6 etc.), Q x B (best); (2) Kt-Q7! B x Kt; (3) Kt-Kt6 ch, K x P; (4) Kt-Q5 ch! P x Kt stalemate.
F: (1) R-Kt1, R(R5)—Kt5; (2) R-R1 ch, R-R5; (3) Kt-Q6, R-B2 ch; (4) Kt-Kt7 ch, R x Kt ch; (5) K x R, R x R; (6) R-R6 ch etc. If (3) . . . R x R; (4) Kt x R ch, K-R4; (5) R-R6 ch etc. If (1) . . . R(B5)—QKt5; (2) Kt-Q4, R x R; (3) R-Kt5 ch! R x R; (4) Kt-B6 mate.

A tough (and voluminous) lot. Many stumped by D. Quicker mates for B and C rate full marks. Prizes: G. Abrahams, W. H. L. Brooking, D. E. Cohen, A. J. Roycroft.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 266

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 266, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post on 10 Sept.



ACROSS

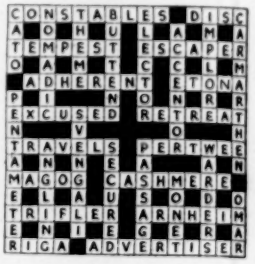
1. Theatre with animal start and capital finish (10).
6. Halt! Road work ahead? (4).
10. Though discreet, the RAF officer in charge goes round the bed (7).
11. Decorated the experienced without a medal (7).
12. What the left declared on Suez? (4, 4).
13. Chesterton said that all this was metaphor (5).
15. Calm, although in the nearest full-scale battle (7).
17. A university town is just the place for study (7).
18. The artist appears to be a fool in good company (7).
21. Courteous note returned with the story (7).
23. Crop which finally needs moisture (5).
24. The hopeful person puts work first, but after it is returned there is obscurity (8).
27. Fate gives people a set-back at first (7).
28. Ruling to celebrate without method (7).
29. River which sounds like a tune (4).
30. They come from a certain source and have the mother country at heart (10).

DOWN

1. Flights even if beheaded (4).
2. Cushions for the sick among the prisoners (7).
3. Month and French piece of music (5).
4. The place to shake everyone (7).
5. Crazy about irregulars or one who challenges bull (7).
7. Instrument which makes a tiny fellow almost take fright (7).
8. Teachers excited at heart (10).
9. The officer to provide gratituities for the employees (8).
14. Indoctrination which makes the supporter a simpleton, by the sound of it (10).
16. Speed of the retreat? (8).
19. Fascinating creature with a limb in the river (7).
20. Animal containing nearly all the ingredients for some soup (7).
21. Kipps is a worker (7).
22. Gallantry I perform underneath the shrub (7).
25. Indicated I am superior to the insect (5).
26. Food is an incentive (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 264



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 264

D. Page (London, SW2), G. H. Baker (London, SW1), George R. Otter (Paris, 12)

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

ST. Marylebone. Single & double accommodation with partial board available during summer months. Phone MAI. 4154.

CHELSEA studio only to let furn. Use bath. Suit writer or prof. person. Apply mornings, Housekeeper, 55 Oakley St., or 'phone FLA. 5645 for appt. 6 gns. p.w., includes e.l. Vacant Sept. 7. View now.

BED-sitting room. Large comf. private hse. Hampstead Gdn. Suburb. SPE. 7684.

NEWLY decorated room for young prof. lady. Incl. rent. Nr. Brent tube. Unassuming house. SPEedwell 3458 after 7.

SUPERIOR service rms. Dinner & brkfst. For discriminating people. PAR. 6280.

REALLY charming divan-r. Built-in kitchenette Good-cl. accom in author's house, Hampstead. Nr. buses, Heath. £4.10s. Profess. person pref. Ref. reqd. HAM. 7428.

UNUSUALLY attractive accom. (Finchley, N.3). Well-furn., redecorated, completely renovated. Lge. lounge-dining-room with divan, well-equipd. kitchenette, double bedroom (2 beds, interior sprung). Use bathrm., tel. Ample linen, china, household equip. Pleas. district, gd. transp. W. End, &c. 2 3 Bus. or prof. people. Rent £4 4s. wkly, incl. elec. light. Extra (v. nice) bedrm. avail. at nom. add. rent. Refs. Box 4782.

BROMPTON. 1 of 3 men leaving s/c, top flr, flat. Small b/sit., share k. & b. 2gns. KEN. 4375 after 7.

PROF. woman stud. offd. share Highgate flat. Frig., tel., gdn. 45s. TUD. 5302.

MOD. newly dec. flat, beaut. furn. bed-sit., exc. kit.-dine. C.h.w. Own tel. Fine view. Campden Hill. £6 10s. PAR. 9161.

SHARE furn. Bayswater flat with often absent sociologist (F). Own lge. B/S., sh. k.b. Tel., frig. £12 10s p. mth. Poss. whole flat early autumn. BAY. 7470. Box 4737.

HIGHGATE Woods. Lge., sunny B/S., excp. view, ckr., meter. Lady. TUD 8160.

CONGENIAL atmosphere. Music/lit. ints. 2 rms., 47s. 6d. & 55s. HAM. 8109.

GIRL 25-35 to share anr.'s s/c. flat. Any nationality. 50s. PARk 5897 evgs.

LARGE first-floor bed-sitting room for one lady; £2 15s. Share kitchen, bathroom, telephone, with one lady only. Bet. Belsize Park & Chalk Farm Underground. Box 4882.

2 FURN. rooms, own bath-cum-kitchen. Overlooking Hampstead Heath. Suit 1 or 2, 6 gns. p.w. Tel. SWIss Cottage 3521.

ATTRACTIVE furn. flat, 3 rms., kit. & bathrm. On Barnes Common. 20 mins. Waterloo. ½ hr. West End. £5. PRO. 6539.

WESTMINSTER: Bed-sit. rm. in pleasant private house, cooking facilities, cleaning, linen, suit gentleman. 50s. p.w. Apply 23 Maunsel Street, S.W.1.

TWO young men with large pleasant flat nr. Queensway wish to share with two others. 6 rms., k. & b. 5th flr. Box 4748.

S/C. ideally furnished flat, Sumner Place, South Kensington, for quiet married couple only; best reference required. One year lease. £10 per week. Phone KNI. 1233 or Sunbury-on-Thames 2842.

SGLE. 2-rm. flat, own landg., gdn. outlk., elec. kit., c.h.w., lin., prof. hse., 4 per. 3 bus. Picc. 15 min. Vic. 3gns. GIP. 3618.

LARGE furn. b/sitter & kit. Suit married couple or 2 girls. Ring TUD. 2623.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT—continued

SHARE furn. flat (f.), sep., newly-dec. b/s., joint use k. & b., tel., el. ckr., not china or linen. Mod. rent. MAI. 8980.

HAMPSTEAD, Finchley Rd., nr. Tube & buses, in Mansion flat, com. furn. room, electr. fire, own meter, £2 10s. p.w. Phone HAM. 7258 (not Sundays).

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

DOCTOR and husband (Solicitor) want rooms/small furnished flat easy reach Camberwell (can be Westminster, etc.), for 1 yr. Rickmansworth 5071 after 7.30 p.m.

PROF. couple, 3 children, urgently req. furn./part-furn. accom. Reas. rent. Country, pref. within 1 hr. Victoria. Box 4806.

PROF. woman sks. immed. unf. flat, 2 rooms, use kit., bath., share exp. tel., N. or W. London. Box 4788.

MUSIC student sks. B/s. room, house where piano avail. sometimes. Box 4786.

YOUNG couple marrying October sk. unfurn./furn. accom. London. Reas. rent. Willing re-decorate. Box 4844.

PROPERTIES TO LET

BUNGALOW to let, surrounded by woodland. 2 bedrooms, sitting-room, kit., bathroom. 4 mls. Hindhead, 15 mins. 'bus route. Suitable for those who like peace. Apply: Heath, Openlands, Headley Down, Bordon, Hants, by appointment.

HAMPSTEAD Village. Interesting, colourful, self-contained, furnished flat, 2 rooms and kitchen (frig.), from September 1. £6 6s. p.w. Box 4879.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

CAMBRIDGE. Little St. Mary's Lane. Quaint period property in this choice position. Kitchen, living room and 2 bedrooms, w.c. and bathroom. Price £1,600. Apply H. W. Dean, Chartered Surveyor, 9 Guildhall St., Cambridge.

PERSONAL

NEWLY rebuilt basement room to let as sculptor's studio. HAM. 1946.

CAP D'Antibes, s/c flat, 2 bedrooms, bath, kitchenette-dining, c/heating. Avail. from Oct. Box 4837.

YOUNG woman, 20-40, with sense of humour, needed to care for motherless boy of 2½ in W.5 area. Box 4757.

SPACIOUS bed-sitting rm., nominal rent exch. some help with 3 small children. 8 Junction Rd., Brentwood, Essex.

WORKING space offd. practising artist/designer mod. Chelsea studio. Box 4783.

PROVENCE—Vence 4 miles, country cottage, 2 d-bedrms., sitting-rm., k. & b., to let by month from Sept. Box 4722.

MOSCOW. Male on leave from Colonies seeks another, share expenses motor trip Moscow (possibly Crimea) leaving approx. mid-September. Box 4785.

WANTED: 2nd-hand German Ling. records. Tubbs, 34 Berkeley Ct., N.W.1.

PERSONALIST Club. Informal social activities, discussion, conversation, music. All welcome. Write for details. Box 4730.

LETTICE Ramsey, Photographer. Please arrange London apmts. through Ramsey & Muspratt, P.O. Terrace, Cambridge 4633.

HUMANISM—a modern outlook. Write: 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, London, W.8.

PERSONAL—continued

SWISS student (f.) would baby-sit in return for a small b/s. room. If necessary, partial payment. Box 4826.

PRINCIPAL of flourishing Commercial College, South Rhodesia, wishing retire, would sell business or welcome partner. Income enough to support married couple. Goodwill £2,000. Assets approx. £3,000. Balance sheet available. Box 4705.

JOIN Now. Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover Street, W.1. Guinea Entrance fee suspended until September 15. Special terms for married couples.

LIVING Research: Course 38, Sept. 20-23 at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon; also "Music in the Country House."

LAST week's unfortunate liaison between o & i robbed me of woolly. I am taking measures against Jennings-inspired gremlins and will give a free sitting to the N.S. reader supplying the best printable Z advertisement in the form of the present alphabetical series. Anthony Panting, 30 Abbey Gardens, N.W.8.

SOCIOLOGY, psychology, talking, dancing, music, play-reading, painting, rambling—Are you interested? Write Sec. (B), Progressive League, 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2.

SHORT Story Writing—Writing for Radio and T.V. Learn the modern techniques of Short Story and Script preparation. You are taught plot development, how to express your ideas colourfully and effectively, and how to sell. Directed talent spells success! Write to: The Registrar (Dept. DD7), Mercer's Correspondence College, 69 Wimpole Street, London, W.1.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept. C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd., Regent House., Regent St., W.1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We also offer an interesting booklet giving dets. & fees for our Courses & Criticisms, & success letters from students.

WRITE for Profit. Send today for interesting free booklet. Regent Institute (Dept. E/191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, S.W.7. KENsington 8042.

DUREX gloves & all rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Fiertag, Dept. N.N., 34 Wardour Street, London, W.1.

TYPEWRITERS. Modern Portable machines for hire from £1 monthly. Tel. Robert Ropkins. WEL. 6655 for details.

FOREIGN girls seek domestic posts, pref. "au pair", Anglo-Continental Bureau, 148 Walton St., S.W.3. KEN. 1586.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and Reservists.

LYRICS, sketches and blood-curdling 1 act Grand Guignol plays required by Irving Theatre, Leicester Square.

FAMILY Planning without contraceptives. Confidential brochure giving detailed explanation of medically approved method used by millions of couples throughout the world now avail. 1s. post free. Gynometer Advisory Centre (CU), 16 Ingestre Place, W.1.

ALEXANDER Technique. Eric de Peyer, 7 Wellington Sq., S.W.3. SLO. 3141.

PERSONAL—continued

YOUR Writing Success begins with "Know-How." Send for Free N.3 "Know-How Guide to Writing Success." No Sales—No Fees tuition. B.A. School of Successful Writing Ltd., 124 New Bond St., W.1.

FOREIGN girls, domesticated and willing, long/short periods available. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd., S.W.7. KNI. 4132.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL

SEPTEMBER HOLIDAYS.

JOIN our House Party at Lake Geneva during the Montreux Festival or a Two Centre Swiss-Italian holiday on September 8. Details of these and of a variety of late Sunshine holidays in Austria, Spain, Italy, S. France and Yugoslavia, or in Britain.
ERNA LOW, 47(NS) Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. Ken. 0911.

BON Viveur Late Season Holidays with the accent on good living. Paris-Brussels, Portugal-Spain, Italy, Sicily, etc. 1 Knightsbridge Stn. Arcade (Underground Harrods end), S.W.3. KNI. 9788.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

"THE Hungarian Uprising" is the official British abridgement of the United Nations report on the problem of Hungary, which will be debated at the U.N. Plenary Session on September 10. Now available, by post 2s. 2d. from H.M.S.O., P.O. Box 569, London, S.E.1.

LABOUR'S controversial policy documents on industry analysed by R. Palme Dutt and Margot Heinemann. Also "Light on Krupp's," by D. N. Pritt, Q.C., in September Labour Monthly. 1s. 6d. all agents; 9s. half yearly from N.S., 134 Ballard's Lane, N.3.

INFLATION—Why? Redundant Officers and Others; Nationalisation Plan. "Labour Research," 9d. (11s. p.a.), 2 Soho Sq., W.1.

"IT is doubtful whether homosexuality . . . has inspired a more satisfactory novel than Martyn Goff's 'The Plaster Fabric'" (Spectator). Post free 16s. from Box 4852.

"THE Humanist" is the journal of Scientific Humanism (monthly 1s., p.a. 14s.). Spec. copy, "Living with Reality," and Bertrand Russell's "Faith of a Rationalist," free. R.P.A., 40 Drury Lane, W.C.2.

WE buy books. Has anyone Borkenau's Comm. Internat'l/Spanish Cockpit? The Hammersmith Bookshop, W.6. Riv. 6807.

SCHOOLS

CAMDEN House School, 86 Gloucester Place, W.1. Girls prepared for 11 plus and any specially desired entrance examination. Dalcroze is taken throughout the school. There is a Nursery class for limited numbers. WELbeck 3656.

NEW School, Kings Langley, Herts (Co-ed. day and boarding). Based on Steiner methods, avoiding early specialisation. Nursery ages, 3-6. Lower school, 6-14. Upper school, 14-18. G.C.E. exams. Transport for younger children within 5-mile radius.

THE Town and Country School, 38-40 Eton Avenue, N.W.3. (SWI. 3391.) Small group weekly or full boarders accepted, boys and girls 5-18. G.C.E., Advanced and Scholarship standard. Week-ends and holidays Hedgerley Wood, Chinnor Hill (16 acres woodland, Chiltern Hills, 750ft.). Realistic approach to modern education. E. Paul, Ph.D.; M. D. C. Graham, M.A.(Oxon).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

B.B.C. requires Producer, Agricultural Unit, Midland Region. Required to plan and produce talks on farming and allied subjects, both for specialist and general audience, to maintain the Corporation's contacts with the farming community, and to assist in devising ways in which broadcasting can be of service to agriculture. Also concerned with broadcasts about gardening. Interest in the land and an ability to get on with rural people essential. Production experience desirable, and experience of agricultural journalism an asset. Based in London. Salary £1,060 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,365 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G339/N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within five days.

EDITOR of the Official Report (Hansard) required by Eastern Nigerian Govt. on contract for 2 tours of 12/24 months in first instance. Commencing salary according to expce. in scale (including inducement addition) £1,194 rising to £1,344 a year. Gratuity at rate of £150 a year. Outfit allowance £60. Free passages for officer and wife. Assistance towards children's passages or grant up to £150 annually towards maintenance in U.K. Liberal leave on full salary. Candidates must have a knowledge of parliamentary procedure with regard to the correct setting out of the Official Report (Hansard) and the Debate of a Legislative House. They must also have a knowledge of printing routine and should preferably have had experience in similar type of work. They must be capable of controlling reporting and editorial staff and be able to approach Members of the House without difficulty in cases of doubtful reporting. Write to the Crown Agents, 4 Millbank, London, S.W.1. State age, name in block letters, full qualifications and experience and quote M3B/44062/NJ.

ADMINISTRATIVE County of Wilts. Applications invited from women holding the Home Office Certificate in Child Care and/or a Social Science Diploma for post of Child Care Officer, salary within A.P.T. I scale (£543 5s to £625 5s) according to qualifications and experience. Application forms with full details from Clerk of the Council, County Hall, Trowbridge. Returnable by September 14, 1957.

ACTUARIAL Appointments: The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for up to 5 posts for qualified Actuaries (F.I.A. or F.F.A.) in the Government Actuary's Department. Candidates will be eligible, according to their qualifications and experience, for posts as Qualified Actuarial Assistant (men's salary scale £1,000-£1,225), Assistant Actuary (men's salary scale £1,285-£1,530), and Actuary (men's salary scale £1,635-£1,950). Women's salaries are somewhat lower at present. These salaries are subject to increases of the order of 5% with effect from July 1, 1957. Candidates must be under 35 on August 1, 1957. For full particulars and application forms apply to Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 4749/57. Completed application forms should be returned by September 12, 1957.

THE University of Sheffield. Applications are invited for a post of Lecturer or Assistant Lecturer in Economics to begin duties as soon as possible. Candidates should have special interests in Economics of Labour (Industrial Relations). Salary scales: Lecturer —£900 x 50—1350 x 75—1650; Assistant Lecturer—£700 x 50—850, with F.S.S.U. provision and family allowance. Initial salary on either scale according to qualifications and experience. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar to whom applications (4 copies) including the names and addresses of three referees should be sent by September 16, 1957.

THE University of Sheffield. Applications are invited for a post of Assistant Lecturer in Economic Statistics to begin as soon as possible. An economic theorist prepared to make economic statistics his main interest would be considered. Initial salary on the scale £700 × 50—850 according to qualifications and experience, with F.S.S.U. provision and family allowance. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar to whom applications (4 copies) including the names and addresses of three referees should be sent by September 16, 1957.

UNIVERSITY of London Institute of Education. Applications are invited from graduates for temporary appointment as Clerk and Computer for sociological investigations in the field of education. Graduates in Statistics or non-graduates with appropriate experience should write giving particulars of qualifications and salary required to the Secretary, University of London Institute of Education, Malet Street, W.C.1.

UNIVERSITY College, London (Gower St., W.C.1) requires two intelligent girls to train as nuclear emulsion computers in a research group. They will be taught techniques using special microscopes for identifying and measuring tracks of high energy nuclear particles. G.C.E. or equivalent in Mathematics and Physics desirable. Minimum age 18. Applications forms from Secretary, quoting Physics/16.

ADULT Education Group offers temp. work (mainly domestic or garden); write Warden, Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

CORPORATION of the City of Aberdeen. Children's Department. Applications are invited for the post of Child Care Officer. The Salary Scale for the post is £595 rising by annual increments of £15 to £640 per annum. Candidates should possess the Diploma in Social Science or hold an equivalent qualification. The appointment is superannuable and subject to the passing of a medical examination. Applications, giving full details of qualifications and experience, together with a copy of two recent testimonials and the names of two persons to whom reference may be made should be lodged with the Children's Officer, 150 Bon-Accord Street, Aberdeen, before September 7, 1957. J. C. Rennie, Town Clerk, Town House, Aberdeen.

SURREY Education Committee. Sheephatch School, Tilford, Near Farnham. Applications are invited immediately for post of residential Nurse (S.R.N.). The school provides accommodation for approximately 150 children who are selected periodically to enable them to experience a period of residential education. Present salary scale £485 × £20/£5—£610 p.a., less £164 p.a. for residence. Application forms obtainable on receipt of stamped addressed envelope from Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Kingston-on-Thames.

COUNTY Council of Essex. Psychiatric Social Workers. Applications invited from persons possessing a Mental Health or other certificate recognised by the appropriate Whitley Council for whole-time, part-time or sessional appointments at the Mid-Essex (Chelmsford) and South Essex (Grays) Child Guidance Clinics. Nationally negotiated rates of remuneration and conditions of service. Application forms from County Medical Officer of Health, County Hall, Chelmsford. Canvassing disqualifies.

ASSISTANT Housemothers, resident, required for interesting work in Children's Homes, with boys and girls aged 5-15 years. Training or experience desirable but not essential. Separate bedroom and good holidays. Minimum salary £29 0s. 10d. per month, less valuation of emoluments. Apply Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

THE Mulberry Bush School, Standlake, near Witney, Oxfordshire (special school for maladjusted children fully recognised by the Ministry of Education) requires a teacher for treatment team. Extremely interesting although exacting work. Salary Burnham Scale for special schools, plus board and lodging in return for limited extraneous duties. Apply by letter to Principal, giving full details.

CHILD Guidance. Psychiatric Social Workers are invited to apply to London County Council for newly-created post at Peckham Child Guidance Unit, Queen's Road Centre, St. Mary's Road, S.E.15. The post, which will provide opportunities for original and intensive work, is permanent and pensionable. It will attract the usual Whitley salary £585-£810 plus London weighting) and conditions. Annual leave, 4 weeks plus bank holidays. Clerical assistance provided. Forms from Medical Officer of Health (PH/D.1/1569), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1, returnable by 9.9.57.

RESIDENT Club Leader (female) required for duties commencing early September. Opportunity for family case work and group work with all ages. Salary according to age and experience. Write to Chairman, Beauchamp Lodge Settlement, 2 Warwick Crescent, Paddington, W.2.

SOCIAL Worker required for Powick (Mental) Hospital, Nr. Worcester. University Education. Would suit person taking Mental Health Course later. Duties include Social Investigation, After-Care, Rehabilitation. Present staff comprises Psychiatric Social Worker and Social Worker. Applications to Medical Superintendent.

LIBERAL Jewish Synagogue Religion School. Teacher required for Sunday mornings 10 to 12.30. Apply to the Principal, 28 St. John's Wood Road, N.W.8.

WAITING University Entry? Interesting hard work, School Groundsman (some coaching). Apply Headmaster, Abbotsholme School, Rocester, Uttoxeter, Staffs.

LONDON County Council requires assistant home help organiser for duty in first instance in North London; energy and ability to manage staff required. Previous experience in running a domestic help or similar social sevice desirable. Salary (under review) £493 10s. × £35 5s.—£634 10s. commencing according to quals. and expce. Pensionable post. Appl. form and details from Divisional Medical Officer, Division 3, 53 Clerkenwell Rd., E.C.1. Closing date Sept. 7, 1957.

WANTED: person to be in charge of holiday and weekend home in Chilterns connected with London Day School. Candidates attracted by this educational project invited to apply, weekend or full-time post. Box 4567.

CHILDREN'S nurse or other competent woman required to care for motherless boy of 2½ in Middlesex suburb. Resident domestic help kept. Please write Box 4756.

NATIONAL Marriage Guidance Council has vacancy for Shorthand-Typist. Interesting work. Hours 9-5, no Sats. Written applications to Office Secretary, N.M.G.C., 78 Duke St., W.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

"JOURNAL of Education": Executive Editor (man or woman) required to assist part-time Chief Editor. Good science, technology or arts qualifications and experience in publishing or editing essential together with a lively literary style. Teaching experience an advantage. Salary £850 × £50—£1,000 p.a. Applications to J. of E., 4 Fitzroy Square, London, W.1.

SECRETARY/Sub-Editor (woman) required by weekly technical journal. Good standard education essental (University graduate preferred). Typing and shorthand required and previous experience of press work an advantage. Starting salary £600 p.a. Apply, with full details of experience and quals., to Box 211, Charles Sell Advertising, 5 & 6 Red Lion Sq., London, W.C.1.

MARRIAGE Guidance. Secretary in Appointments Office urgently needed. Candidates should not be under 25 and should possess tact, humour, a sense of responsibility as well as good shorthand/typing. Duties include making appointments, and answering queries by telephone and with callers. Pension scheme; good pay and holidays. Write: Secretary, L.M.G.C., 78 Duke Street, W.1.

BOOKSELLERS in London. Man with experience wanted for Science section. University trade. Write giving particulars and salary required. Box 4802.

MARKS & Spencer, Ltd., invite applications from women between the ages of 25 and 35 for Staff Management in their larger stores. These are senior posts with progressive salaries. Candidates should preferably have had experience in managing staff. Commencing salary for the introductory period would vary according to age and experience but would not be less than £500 p.a. Please write in the first place for further particulars and application form to the Appointments Section, 82 Baker Street, London, W.1, marking the envelope "S.M."

HEAL & Son Limited have vacancies in several departments for Sales Assistants. Apply by letter stating age, experience and salary required to Staff Officer, 196 Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1.

REQUIRED by leading television agency, an experienced and imaginative Visualiser to work with copywriters producing storyboards for television and cinema commercials. Write Box NSN 271, L.P.E., Romano House, 399/401 Strand, London, W.C.2.

EDITORIAL Assistant Trainee reqd. by Publishers, S.W.1. Some Sh.-Typ. essential. Pref. lit.-minded person. Gd. sal. Hrs. 9.30-5.30. No Sats! Burnett Bureau, 77 Dean St., Oxford St., W.1.

ASSISTANTS with some knowledge of crafts required for new handicrafts showroom. Congenial surroundings and good prospects. Apply The Manageress, Dryad Handicrafts, 93 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1.

MATRON for boy & girl boarders wanted September, experienced, capable and kind. Interesting educational work. Good salary. Box 4568.

EXPERIENCED secretary shorthand-typist required for international Jewish organisation. French/German knowledge advantage. Good conditions. Full details to Box 4840.

GERMAN Shorthand-Typist, with knowledge of good English, required by Engineering Company near Victoria Station. Five-day week, good salary. Apply Box 4803.

SECRETARY/s.-t., 20-30, graduate pref., for professional assocn. Sal. approx. £500. 5-day wk. 4 wks.' leave. Portman Bureau, 78 George St., W.1. HUN. 0676.

HOLIDAY Relief Work available now in London for Shorthand Typists £8 10s. Copy Typists £7 10s. 30 hour week, no Sats. Longer hours—more pay. Duttons Secretarial Serv., 92 Gt. Russell St. W.C.1. MUS 7379.

WE now offer attractive well-paid temporary jobs by the week or part-time in all the best districts. Let us help you to choose the one that suits you. Wigmore Secretarial Agency, 67 Wigmore St., W.1. HUN. 9951.

HAVE you tried the West End Coffee Bar Employment Bureau, 4 Macclesfield St., Shaftesbury Ave., W.1. GER. 2848 (3 lines).

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

WOMAN grad. 28, fluent German, French, 2 years' secretarial exper., sh-typ., translating, foreign correspondence, welcomes suggestions where intelligence, logical thinking, conscientiousness, considered before high speeds. Box 4791.

WOMAN graduate (29), exp. social work, organising, committee work, seeks job for a few months. All offers/suggestions welcomed. Box 4768.

ADAPTABLE and cheerful arts graduate (f.28), seeks part-time work in London area. Anything considered. Box 4767.

WOMAN arts graduate wants responsible work where 12 years' varied experience of welfare and personnel, including training, can be utilised. Write Box 4796.

ADAPTABLE arts graduate (f.) 24, wants work. Anything considered. Box 4822.

EMPLOYERS seeking able office staff m. or f. are invited to consult Stella Fisher Bureau, 436 Strand, W.C.2. TEM. 6644.

FELLOWSHIP

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham. Faculty of Commerce and Social Science. The Faculty will shortly proceed to appoint to a Fellowship for research in the general field of the location of industry. Applications are now invited from suitably qualified persons. The stipend will be within the range £700-£1,100 per annum, according to qualifications and experience. The appointment will be for one year in the first instance, renewable annually for two subsequent years. A good university degree and training in economic research are essential; business experience would be an advantage. Applications, with the names of two or three referees, should be sent not later than September 14, 1957, to the Registrar, the University, Edgbaston, Birmingham, 15, from whom further particulars can be obtained.

WHERE TO STAY

AUTUMN holidays for the country-lover. Good food, warmth, pleasant companionship at Chantry Mead, Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford. Hatfield Heath 265.

COMBEMARTIN: Fontenaye Gsthse. Ph. 2366. Fine Posn. Cl. sea. Comfort assrd.

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